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THE IMPEACHMENT TRIAL.

MR. STEVENS' ARGUMENT.

MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT: I trust to be able to be brief in my remarks, unless I should find myself less master of the subject which I propose to discuss than I hope; experience having taught that nothing is so prolix as ignorance. I fear I may prove thus ignorant, as I had not expected to take part in this debate until very lately.

I shall discuss but a single article—the one that was finally adopted upon my earnest solicitation, and which, if proved, I considered then and still consider, as quite sufficient for the ample conviction of the distinguished respondent, and for his removal from office, which is the only legitimate object for which this impeachment could be instituted.

During the very brief period which I shall occupy, I desire to discuss the charges against the respondent in no mean spirit of malignity or vituperation, but to argue them in a manner worthy of the high tribunal before which I appear, and of the exalted position of the accused. Whatever may be thought of his character or condition, he has been made respectable and his condition has been dignified by the action of his fellow-citizens. Railing accusation, therefore, would ill become this occasion, this tribunal, or a proper sense of the position of those who discuss this question on the one side or the other.

To see the chief servant of a trusting community arraigned before the bar of public justice, charged with high delinquencies, is interesting. To behold the Chief Executive Magistrate of a powerful people charged with the betrayal of his trust, and arraigned for high crime and misdemeanor, is always a most interesting spectacle. When the charges against such public servant accuse him of an attempt to betray the high trust confided in him, and usurp the power of a whole people, that he may become their ruler, it is intensely interesting to millions of men, and should be discussed with a calm determination which nothing can divert and nothing can reduce to mockery. Such is the condition of this great Republic, as looked upon by an astonished and wondering world.

THE CHARACTER OF IMPEACHMENT.

The offices of impeachment in England and America are very different from each other, in the uses made of them for the punishment of offences, and he will greatly err who undertakes to make out an analogy between them, either in the mode of trial or the final result.

In England the highest crimes may be tried before the High Court of Impeachment, and the severest punishments, even to imprisonment, fine, and death, may be inflicted.

When our Constitution was framed, all these personal punishments were excluded from the judgment, and the defendant was to be dealt with just so far as the public safety required, and no further. Hence, it was made to apply simply to political offences—to persons holding political positions, either by appointment or election by the people.

Thus it is apparent that no crime containing malignant or indictable offences, higher than misdemeanors, was necessary either to be alleged or proved. If the respondent was shown to be abusing his official trust, to the injury of the people, for whom he was discharging public duties, and persevered in such abuse to the injury of his constituents, the true mode of dealing with him was to impeach him for crimes or misdemeanors, (and only the latter is necessary,) and thus remove him from the office which he was abusing. Nor does it make a particle of difference whether such abuse arose from malignity, from unwarranted negligence or from depravity, so repeated as to make his continuance in office injurious to the people and dangerous to the public welfare.

The punishment which the law under our Constitution authorizes to be inflicted fully demonstrates this argument: That punishment upon conviction extends only to removal from office, and if the crime or misdemeanor charged be one of a deep and wicked dye, the culprit is allowed to run at large, unless he should be pursued by a new prosecution in the ordinary courts. What does it matter, then, what the motive of the respondent might be in his repeated acts of malfeasance in office? Mere mistake in intention, if so persevered in after proper warning as to bring mischief upon the community, is quite sufficient to warrant the removal of the officer from the place where he is working mischief by his continuance in power.

The only question to be considered is: Is the respondent violating the law? His perseverence in such a violation although it shows a perverseness, is not absolutely necessary to his conviction. The great object is the removal from office and the arrest of the public injuries which he is inflicting upon those with whose interests he is intrusted.

MISPRISION OF PERJURY.

The single charge, which I had the honor to suggest, I am expected to maintain. That duty is a light one, easily performed, and which, I apprehend, it will be found impossible for the respondent to answer or evade.

When Andrew Johnson took upon himself the duties of his high office, he swore to obey the Constitution and take care that the laws be faithfully executed. That, indeed, is and has always been the chief duty of the President of the United States. The duties of legislation and adjudicating the laws of his country fall in no way to his lot. To obey the commands of the sovereign power of the nation, and to see that others should obey them, was his whole duty—a duty which he could not escape, and any attempt to do so would be in direct violation of his official oath; in other words, a *misprision of perjury.*

I accused him, in the name of the House of Representatives, of having perpetrated that foul offence against the laws and interests of his country.

On the 2d day of March, 1867, Congress passed a law, over the veto of the President, entitled, "An act to regulate the tenure of certain civil offices," the first section of which is as follows:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled. That every person holding any civil office to which he has been appointed by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and every person who may hereafter be appointed to any such office and shall become duly qualified to act therein, is and shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been in like manner appointed and duly qualified, except as herein otherwise provided: Provided, That the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, of War, of the Navy, and of the Interior, the Postmaster-General, and the Attorney-General, shall hold their offices respectively for and during the term of the President by whom they may have been appointed, and for one month thereafter, subject to removal by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

The second section provides that when the Senate is not in session, if the President shall deem the officer guilty of acts which require his removal or suspension, he may be suspended until the next meeting of the Senate; and that within twenty days after the meeting of the Senate the reasons for such suspension shall be reported to that body; and if the Senate shall deem such reasons sufficient for such suspension or removal, the officer shall be considered removed from his office; but if the Senate shall not deem the reasons sufficient for such suspension or removal, the officer shall forthwith resume the functions of his office, and the person appointed in his place shall cease to discharge such duties.

On the 12th day of August, 1867, the Senate then not being in session, the President suspended Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of the Department of War, and appointed U. S. Grant, General, Secretary of War *ad interim.* On the 12th day of December, 1867, the Senate being then in session, he reported, according to the requirements of the act, the causes of such suspension to the Senate, which duly took the same into consideration. Before the Senate had concluded its examination of the question of the sufficiency of such reasons, he attempted to enter into arrangements by which he might obstruct the due execution of the law, and thus prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming the functions of his office as Secretary of War, according to the provisions of the act, even if the Senate should decide in his favor.

And in furtherance of said attempt, on the 21st day of February, 1868, he appointed one Lorenzo Thomas, by letter of authority or commission, Secretary of War *ad interim,* without the advice and consent of the Senate, although the same was then in session, and ordered him (the said Thomas) to take possession of the Department of War, and the public property appertaining thereto, and to discharge the duties thereof.

We charge that, in defiance of frequent warnings, he has since repeatedly attempted to carry those orders into execution, and to prevent Edwin M. Stanton from executing the laws appertaining to the Department of War, and from discharging the duties of the office.

MR. STANTON'S CASE.

The very able gentleman who argued this for the respondent has contended that Mr. Stanton's case is not within the provisions of the act, "regulating the tenure of certain civil offices," and that therefore the President cannot be convicted of violating that act. His argument in demonstrating that position was not, I think, quite equal to his sagacity in discovering where the great strength of the prosecution was lodged. He contended that the proviso which embraced the Secretary of War did not include Mr. Stanton, because he was not appointed by the President in whose term the acts charged as misdemeanors were perpetrated; and in order to show that, he contended that the *term* of office mentioned during which he was entitled to hold, meant the time during which the President who appointed him actually did hold, whether dead or alive; that Mr. Lincoln, who appointed Mr. Stanton, and under whose commission he was holding indefinitely, being dead, his *term* of office referred to had expired, and that Mr. Johnson was not holding during a part of that *term.* That depends upon the Constitution, and the laws made under it. By the Constitution, the whole time from the adoption of the Government was intended to be divided into equal Presidential periods, and the word "*term*" was technically used to designate the time of each. The first section of the second article of the Constitution provides "that the executive power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America. He shall hold his office during the *term* of four years, and together with the Vice-President, chosen for the same *term*, be elected as follows," &c. Then it provides that "in case of removal from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the duties of said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation or inability both of the President and Vice-President, designating what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall then act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected."

The learned counsel contends that the Vice-President, who accidentally accedes to the duties of President, is serving out a new Presidential term of his own, and that, unless Mr. Stanton was appointed by him, he is not within the provisions of the act. It happened that Mr. Stanton was appointed by Mr. Lincoln in 1862 for an indefinite period of time, and was still serving as *his* appointee, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Mr. Johnson never appointed him, and, unless he held a valid commission by virtue of Mr. Lincoln's appointment, he was acting for three years, during which time he expended billions of money and raised hundreds of thousands of men, without any commission at all. To permit this to be done without any valid commission would have been a misdemeanor in itself. But if he held a valid commission, whose commission was it? Not Andrew Johnson's. Then in whose term was he serving, for he must have been in somebody's term? Even if it was in Johnson's term, he would hold for four years unless sooner removed, for there is no term spoken of in the Constitution of a shorter period for a Presidential term than four years. But it makes no difference in the operation of the law whether he was holding in Lincoln's or Johnson's term. Was it not in Mr. Lincoln's term? Lincoln had been elected and re-elected, the second to commence in 1865, and the Constitution expressly declared that that term should be four years.

By virtue of the previous commission and the uniform custom of the country, Mr. Stanton continued to hold during the term of Mr. Lincoln, unless sooner removed. Now, does any one pretend that from the 4th of March, 1865, a new Presidential term did not commence? For it will be seen upon close examination that the word "*term*" alone marks the time of the Presidential existence, so that it may divide the different periods of office by a well recognized rule. Instead of saying that the Vice-President shall become President upon his death, the Constitution says, "in case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President." What is to devolve on the Vice-President? Not the Presidential commission held by his predecessor, but the "duties" which were incumbent on him. If he were to take Mr. Lincoln's term he would serve for four years, for term is the only limitation to that office, defined in the Constitution, as I have said before. But the learned counsel has contended that the word "*term*" of the Presidential office means the death of the President. Then it would have been better expressed by saying that the President shall hold his office during the *term* between two assassinations, and then the assassination of the President would mark the period of the operation of this law.

If, then, Mr. Johnson was serving out one of Mr. Lincoln's terms, there seems to be no argument against including Mr. Stanton within the meaning of the law. He was so included by the President in his notice of removal, in his reasons therefor given in the Senate, and in his notification to the Secretary of the Treasury; and it is too late, when he is caught violating the very law under which he professes to act, to turn round and deny that that law affects the case. The gentleman treats lightly the question of estoppel; and yet really nothing is more powerful, for it is an argument by the party himself against himself, and although not pleadable in the same way, is just as potential in a case *in pais* as when pleaded in a case of *record.*

But there is still more conclusive answer. The first section provides that *every* person holding civil office who has been appointed with the advice and consent of the Senate, and every person that hereafter shall be appointed to any such office, shall be entitled to hold such office until a successor shall have been in like manner appointed and duly qualified, except as herein otherwise provided. Then comes the proviso which the defendant's counsel say does not embrace Mr. Stanton, because he was not appointed by the President in whose term he was removed. If he was not embraced in the proviso, then he was nowhere specially provided for, and was consequently embraced in the first clause of the first section, which declares that every person holding any civil office not otherwise provided for comes within the provisions of this act.

THE QUESTION OF INTENT.

The respondent, in violation of this law, appointed Gen. Thomas to office, whereby, according to the express terms of the act, he was guilty of a high misdemeanor. But whatever may have been his views with regard to the Tenure-of-Office act, he knew it was a law, and so recorded upon the statutes. I disclaim all necessity, in a trial of impeachment, to prove the wicked or unlawful intention of the respondent, and it is unwise ever to aver it.

In impeachments, more than in indictments, the averring of the fact charged carries with it all that it is necessary to say about intent. In indictments you charge that the defendant, "instigated by the devil," and so on; and you might as well call on the prosecution to prove the presence, shape and color of his majesty as to call upon the managers in impeachment to prove intention. I go further than some, and contend that no corrupt or wicked motive need instigate the acts for which impeachment is brought. It is enough that they were official violations of law. The counsel have placed great stress upon the necessity of proving that they were willfully done. If by that he means that they were voluntarily done, I agree with him. A mere accidental trespass would not be sufficient to convict. But that which is *voluntarily* done is *willfully* done, according to every honest definition; and whatever malfeasance is willingly perpetrated by an office-holder is a misdemeanor in office, whatever he may allege was his intention.

The President justifies himself by asserting that all previous Presidents had exercised the same right of removing officers, for cause to be judged of by the President alone. Had there been no law to prohibit it when Mr. Stanton was removed, the cases would have been parallel, and the one might be adduced as an argument in favor of the other. But, since the action of any of the Presidents to which he refers, a law had been passed by Congress, after a stubborn controversy with the Executive, denying that right and prohibiting it in future, and imposing a severe penalty upon any executive officer who should exercise it. And that, too, after the President had himself made issue on the constitutionality and been defeated. No pretext, therefore, any longer existed that such right was vested in the President by virtue of his office. Hence the attempt to shield himself under such practice is a most lame evasion of the question at issue. Did he "take care that this law should be faithfully executed?" He answers that acts that would have violated the law had it existed, were practiced by his predecessors. How does that justify his own malfeasance?

The President says that he removed Mr. Stanton simply to test the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office law by a judicial decision. He has already seen it tested and decided by the votes, twice given, of two-thirds of the Senators and of the House of Representatives. It stood as a law upon the statute books. No case had arisen under that law, or is referred to by the President, which required any judicial interposition. If there had been, or should be, the courts were open to any one who felt aggrieved by the action of Mr. Stanton. But instead of enforcing that law, he takes advantage of the name and the funds of the United States to resist it, and to induce others to resist it. Instead of attempting, as the duly sworn Executive of the United States, to see that the law was faithfully executed, he took great pains and perpetrated the acts alleged in this article, not only to resist it himself, but to seduce others to do the same. He sought to induce the General-in-Chief of the army to aid him in an open avowed obstruction of the law, as it stood unrepealed upon the statute book. He could find no one to unite with him in perpetrating such an act, until he sunk down upon the unfortunate individual bearing the title of Adjutant-General of the army. Is this taking care that the laws shall be faithfully executed? Is this attempting to carry them into effect, by upholding their validity, according to his oath? On the other hand, was it not a high and bold attempt to obstruct the laws and take care that they should not be executed? He must not excuse himself by saying that he had doubts of its constitutionality and wished to test it. What right had he to be hunting up excuses for others as well as himself, to violate this law? Is not this confession a misdemeanor in itself?

The President asserts that he did not remove Stanton under the Tenure of Office law. This is a direct contradiction of his own letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in which, as he was bound by law, he communicated to that officer the fact of the removal. This portion of the answer may, therefore, be considered as disposed of by the non-existence of the fact, as well as by his subsequent report to the Senate.

The following is the letter just alluded to, dated Aug. 14, 1867:

> SIR: In compliance with the requirements of the act entitled "an act to regulate the tenure of certain civil offices," you are hereby notified that on the 12th instant the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton was suspended from his office as Secretary of War, and Gen. U. S. Grant authorized and empowered to act as Secretary *ad interim.*
>
> To the Honorable Secretary of the Treasury.

Wretched man! a direct contradiction of his solemn answer! How necessary that a man should have a good conscience or a good memory! Both would not be out of place. How lovely to contemplate what was so assiduously inculcated by a celebrated Pagan into the mind of his son: "Virtue is truth, and truth is virtue." And still more, virtue of every kind charms us, yet that virtue is strongest which is effected by justice and generosity. Good deeds will never be done, wise acts will never be executed, except by the virtuous and the conscientious.

May the people of the Republic remember this good old doctrine when they next meet to select their rulers, and may they select only the brave and the virtuous.

Has it been proved, as charged in this article, that Andrew Johnson in vacation suspended from office Edwin M. Stanton, who had been duly appointed, and was then executing the duties of Secretary of the Department of War, without the advice and consent of the Senate; did he report the reasons for such suspension to the Senate within twenty days from the meeting of the Senate; and did the Senate proceed to consider the sufficiency of such reasons? Did the Senate declare such reasons insufficient, whereby the said Edwin M. Stanton became authorized to forthwith resume and exercise the functions of Secretary of War, and displace the Secretary *ad interim,* whose duties were then to cease and terminate: did the said Andrew Johnson, in his official character of President of the United States, attempt to obstruct the return of the said Edwin M. Stanton and his resumption forthwith of the functions of his office as Secretary of the Department of War; and has he continued to attempt to prevent the discharge of the duties of said office by said Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, notwithstanding the Senate decided in his favor? If he has, then the acts in violation of law, charged in this article, are full and complete.

THE PRESIDENT DECLARES HIS INTENTION.

The proof lies in a very narrow compass, and depends upon the credibility of one or two witnesses, who, upon this point, corroborate each other's evidence.

Andrew Johnson, in his letter of the 31st of January, 1868, not only declared that such was his intention, but reproached U. S. Grant, General, in the following language:

> "You had found in our first conference 'that the President was desirous of keeping Mr. Stanton out of office, *whether sustained in the suspension or not.*' You knew what reasons had induced the President to ask from you a promise; you also knew that in case your views of duty did not accord with his own convictions, it was his purpose to fill your place by another appointment. Even ignoring the existence of a positive understanding between us, these conclusions were plainly deducible from our various conversations. It is certain, however, that even under these circumstances you did not offer to return the place to my possession, but, according to your own statement, placed yourself in a position where, could I have anticipated your action, I would have been compelled to ask of you, as I was compelled to ask of your predecessor in the War Department, a letter of resignation, or else resort to the more disagreeable expedient of suspending you by a successor."

He thus distinctly alleges that the General had a full knowledge that such was his deliberate intention. Hard words and injurious epithets can do nothing to corroborate or to injure the character of a witness; but if Andrew Johnson be not wholly destitute of truth and a shameless falsifier, this article and all its charges are clearly made out by his own evidence.

Whatever the respondent may say of the reply of U. S. Grant, General, only goes to confirm the fact of the President's lawless attempt to obstruct the execution of the act specified in the article.

If Gen. Grant's recollection of his conversation with the President is correct, then it goes affirmatively to prove the same fact stated by the President, although it shows that the President persevered in his course of determined obstruction of the law, while the General refused to aid in its consummation. No differences as to the main fact of the attempt to violate and prevent the execution of the law exists in either statement; both compel the conviction of the respondent, unless he should escape through other means than the facts proving the article. He cannot hope to escape by asking this High Court to declare the "law for regulating the tenure of certain civil offices" unconstitutional and void; for it so happens—to the hopeless misfortune of the respondent, that almost every member of this high tribunal has more than once—twice, perhaps three times—declared, upon his official oath, that law constitutional and valid. The unhappy man is in this condition: He has declared himself determined to obstruct that act; he has, by two several letters of authority, ordered Lorenzo Thomas to violate that law; and he has issued commissions, during the session of the Senate, without the advice and consent of the Senate, in violation of law, to said Thomas. He must therefore either deny his own solemn declarations and falsify the testimony of Gen. Grant and Lorenzo Thomas, or expect that verdict whose least punishment is removal from office.

But the President denies, in his answer to the first and eleventh articles, (which he intends as a joint answer to the two charges, that) he had attempted to contrive means to prevent the due execution of the law regulating the tenure of certain civil offices, or had violated his oath "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Yet while he denies such attempt to defeat the execution of the laws, in his letter of the 31st of January, 1868, he asserts, and reproaches Gen. Grant by the assertion, that the General knew that his object was to prevent Edwin M. Stanton from forthwith resuming the functions of his office, notwithstanding that the Senate might decide in his favor, and the President and U. S. Grant, General, in their angry correspondence of the date heretofore referred to, made an issue of veracity—the President asserting that the General had promised to aid him in defeating the execution of the laws, by preventing the immediate resumption of the functions of Secretary of War by Edwin M. Stanton, and that the General violated his promise; and U. S. Grant, General, denying ever having finally made such promise, although he agrees with the President that the President did attempt to induce him to make such promise, and to enter into such an arrangement. Now, whichever of these gentlemen may have lost his memory, and found in lieu of the truth the vision which issues from the Ivory Gate—though who can hesitate to choose between the words of a gallant soldier and the pettifogging of a political trickster—is wholly immaterial, so far as the charge against the President is concerned. That charge is, that the President did attempt to prevent the due execution of the Tenure of Office law by entangling the General in the arrangement; and unless both the President and the General have lost their memory and mistaken the truth with regard to the promises with each other, then this charge is made out. In short, if either of these gentlemen has correctly stated these facts of attempting the obstruction of the law, the President has been guilty of violating the law and of *misprision of official perjury.*

THE TENURE OF OFFICE LAW.

But, again, the President alleges his right to violate the act regulating the tenure of certain civil offices, because he says the same was inoperative and void, as being in violation of the Constitution of the United States. Does it lie in his mouth to interpose this plea? He had acted under that law and issued letters of authority, both for the long and short term, to several persons under it, and it would hardly lie in his mouth after that to deny its validity, unless he confessed himself guilty of law-breaking by issuing such commissions.

Let us here look at Andrew Johnson accepting the oath "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed."

On the 2d of March, 1867, he returned to the Senate the "Tenure of Office bill," where it originated and had passed by a majority of more than two-thirds—with reasons elaborately given why it should not pass finally. Among these was the allegation of its unconstitutionality. It passed by a vote of 35 yeas to 11 nays. In the House of Representatives it passed by more than a two-thirds majority; and when the vote was announced, the Speaker, as was his custom, proclaimed the vote, and declared in the language of the Constitution, "that two-thirds of each House having voted for it, notwithstanding the objections of the President, it has become a law."

I am supposing that Andrew Johnson was at this moment waiting to take the oath of office as President of the United States, "that he would obey the Constitution and take care that the laws be faithfully executed." Having been sworn on the Holy Evangels to obey the Constitution, and being about to depart, he turns to the person administering the oath and says, "Stop; I have a further oath. I do solemnly swear that I will not allow the act entitled 'An act regulating the tenure of certain civil offices,' just passed by Congress over the Presidential veto, to be executed; but I will prevent its execution by virtue of my own constitutional power."

How shocked Congress would have been—what would the country have said to a scene equaled only by the unparalleled action of this same official, when sworn into office on the fatal fifth day of March, which made him the successor of Abraham Lincoln! Certainly he would not have been permitted to be inaugurated as Vice-President or President. Yet such in effect has been his conduct, if not under oath, at least with less excuse, since the fatal day which inflicted him upon the people of the United States. Can the President hope to escape if the fact of his violating that law be proved or confessed by him, as has been done? Can he expect a sufficient number of his tryers to pronounce that law unconstitutional and void—those same tryers having passed upon its validity upon several occasions? The act was originally passed by a vote of 29 yeas to 9 nays.

Subsequently the House of Representatives passed the bill with amendments, which the Senate disagreed to and the bill was afterward referred to a committee of conference of the two Houses, whose agreement was reported to the Senate by the Managers and was adopted by a vote of 22 yeas to 10 nays.

After the veto, upon reconsideration of the bill in the Senate, and after all the argument against its validity were spead before that body, it passed by a vote of 35 yeas to 11 nays.

The President contends that by virtue of the Constitution he had the right to remove heads of departments, and cites a large number of cases where his predecessor had done so. It must be observed that all those cases were before the passage of the Tenure of Office act, March 2, 1867. Will the respondent say how, the having done an act when there was no law to forbid it, justifies the repetition of the same act after a law has been passed expressly prohibiting the same? It is not the suspension or removal of Mr. Stanton that is complained of, but the manner of the suspension. If the President thought he had good reasons for suspending or removing Mr. Stanton, and then obeyed the decision of the Senate in their finding, there would have been no complaint; but instead of that he suspends him in direct defiance of the Tenure of Office law, and then enters into an arrangement or attempts to do so, in which he thought he had succeeded, to prevent the due execution of the law after the decision of the Senate. And when the Senate ordered him to restore Mr. Stanton, he makes a second removal by virtue of what he calls the power vested in him by the Constitution.

The action of the Senate on the message of the President, communicating his reasons for the suspension of E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, under the act entitled an act to regulate the tenure of certain civil offices, was as follows:

> IN EXECUTIVE SESSION, SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, Jan. 13, 1868.
>
> Resolved, That having considered the evidence and reasons given by the President in his report of Dec. 12, 1867, for the suspension from the office of Secretary of War of Edwin M. Stanton, the Senate do not concur in such suspension.

And the same was duly certified to the President, in the face of which he, with an impudence and brazen determination to usurp the powers of the Senate, again removed Edwin M. Stanton, and appointed Lorenzo Thomas Secretary ad interim in his stead. The Senate, with calm manliness, rebuked the usurper by the following resolution:

> IN EXECUTIVE SESSION, SENATE OF THE U. STATES., February 21, 1868.
>
> Whereas, the Senate has received and considered the communication of the President stating that he had removed Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, and had designated the Adjutant-General of the army to act as Secretary of War ad interim; therefore,
>
> Resolved by the Senate of the United States, That under the Constitution and laws of the United States, the President has no power to remove the Secretary of War, and to designate any other officer to perform the duties of that office ad interim.

Yet he continued him in office. And now this offspring of assassination turns upon the Senate who have thus rebuked him in a constitutional manner, and bids them defiance. How can he escape the just vengeance of the law? Wretched man, standing at bay, surrounded by a cordon of living men, each with the axe of an executioner uplifted for his just punishment! Every Senator now trying him, except such as had already adopted his policy, voted for this same resolution, pronouncing his solemn doom. Will any one of them vote for his acquittal on the ground of its unconstitutionality? I know that Senators would venture to do any necessary act if indorsed by an honest conscience and an enlightened public opinion; but neither for the sake of the President nor of any one else, would one of them suffer himself to be tortured on the gibbet of everlasting obloquy. How long and dark would be the track of infamy which must mark his name and that of his posterity! Nothing is, therefore, more certain than that it requires no gift of prophecy to predict the fate of this unhappy victim.

THE PRESIDENT'S USURPATIONS.

I have now discussed but one of the numerous articles, all of which I believe to be fully sustained, and few of the almost innumerable offences charged to this wayward, unhappy official. I have alluded to two or three others which I could have wished to have had time to present and discuss, not for the sake of punishment, but for the benefit of the country. One of these was an article charging the President with usurping the legislative power of the nation, and attempting still his usurpations.

With regard to usurpation, one single word will explain my meaning. A civil war of gigantic proportions, covering sufficient territory to constitute many States and nations, broke out, and embraced more than ten millions of men, who formed an independent government, called the Confederate States of America. They rose to the dignity of an independent belligerent, and were so acknowledged by all civilized nations, as well as by ourselves. After expensive and bloody strife we conquered them, and they submitted to our arms. **By the law of nations, well understood and undisputed,** the conquerors in this unjust war had the right to deal with the vanquished as to them might seem good, subject only to the laws of humanity. They had a right to confiscate their property to the extent of indemnifying themselves and their citizens; to annex them to the victorious nation, and pass just such laws for their government as they might think proper. This doctrine is as old as Grotius, and as fresh as the Dorr rebellion. Neither the President nor the judiciary had any right to interfere, to dictate any terms, or to aid in reconstruction, further than they were directed by the sovereign power. That sovereign power in this Republic is the Congress of the United States. Whoever, besides Congress, undertakes to create new States or to rebuild old ones, and fix the condition of their citizenship and union, usurps powers which do not belong to him, and is dangerous or not dangerous, according to the extent of his powers or pretensions. Andrew Johnson did usurp the legislative power of the nation by building new States, and reconstructing, as far as in him lay, this empire. He directed the defunct States to come forth and live by virtue of his breathing into their nostrils the breath of life. He directed them what constitutions to form, and fixed the qualifications of electors and of office-holders. He directed them to send forward members to each branch of Congress, and to aid him in representing the nation. When Congress passed a law declaring all these doings unconstitutional, and fixed a mode for the admission of this new territory into the nation, he proclaimed it unconstitutional, and advised the people not to submit to it, nor to obey the commands of Congress. I have not time to enumerate the particular acts which constitute his high-handed usurpations. Suffice it to say, that he seized all the powers of the government, within these States, and had he been permitted, would have become their absolute ruler. This he persevered in attempting, notwithstanding Congress declared more than once all the governments which he thus created to be void, and of none effect.

But I promised to be brief, and must abide by the promise, although I should like the judgment of the Senate upon this, to me, seeming vital phase and real purpose of all his misdemeanors. To me this seems a sublime spectacle. A nation not free but as nearly approaching it as human institutions will permit of, consisting of thirty millions of people, had fallen into conflict, which among other people always ends in anarchy or despotism, and had laid down their arms, the mutineers submitting to the conquerors. The laws were about to regain their accustomed sway, and again to govern the nation by the punishment of treason and the reward of virtue. Her old institutions were about to be reinstated so far as they were applicable, according to the judgment of the conquerors. Then one of their inferior servants, instigated by unholy ambition, sought to seize a portion of the territory according to the fashion of neighboring anarchies, and to convert a land of freedom into a land of slaves. This people spurned the traitors, and have put the chief of them upon his trial, and demand judgment upon his misconduct. He will be condemned, and his sentence inflicted without turmoil, tumult, or bloodshed, and the nation will continue its accustomed course of freedom and prosperity, without the shedding any further of human blood, and with a milder punishment than the world has been accustomed to see, or perhaps than ought now to be inflicted.

MR. STANTON REMOVED.

Now, even if the pretext of the President were true and not a mere subterfuge to justify the chief act of violation with which he stands charged, still that would be such an abuse of the patronage of the government as would demand his impeachment for a high misdemeanor. Let us again for a moment examine into some of the circumstances of that act. Mr. Stanton was appointed Secretary of War by Mr. Lincoln in 1862, and continued to hold under Mr. Johnson, which, by all usage, is considered a reappointment. Was he a faithful officer, or was he removed for corrupt purposes? After the death of Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson had changed his whole code of politics and policy, and instead of obeying the will of those who put him into power, he determined to create a party for himself to carry out his own ambitious purposes. For every honest purpose of the government, and for every honest purpose for which Mr. Stanton was appointed by Mr. Lincoln, where could a better man be found? None ever organized an army of a million of men and provided for its subsistence and efficient action more rapidly than Mr. Stanton and his predecessor. It might, with more propriety, be said of this officer than of the celebrated Frenchman, that he "organized liberty." He raised, and by his requisition distributed more than a billion of dollars annually, without ever having been charged or suspected with the malappropriation of a single dollar; and when victory crowned his efforts he disbanded that immense army as quietly and peacefully as if it had been a summer parade. He would not, I suppose, adopt the personal views of the President, and for this he was suspended until restored by the emphatic verdict of the Senate. Now, if we are right in our narrative of the conduct of these parties and the motives of the President, the very effort at removal was a high-handed usurpation as well as a corrupt misdemeanor, for which of itself he ought to be impeached and thrown from the place he was abusing. But he says that he did not remove Mr. Stanton for the purpose of defeating the Tenure of Office law. Then he forgot the truth in his controversy with the General of the army. And because the General did not aid him and finally admit that he had agreed to aid him in resisting that law, he railed upon him like a very drab.

The counsel for the respondent allege that no removal of Stanton ever took place, and that therefore the sixth section of the act was not violated. They admit that there was an order of re-

moval and a recision of his commission ; but as he did not obey it, say it was no removal. That suggests the old saying that it used to be thought that "when the brains were out the man was dead." That idea is proved by learned counsel to be absolutely fallacious. The brain of Mr. Stanton's commission was taken out by the order of removal—the recision of his commission—and his head was absolutely cut off by that gallant soldier, Gen. Thomas, the night after the masquerade. And yet, according to the learned and delicate counsel, until the mortal remains, everything which could putrefy, was shoveled out and hauled into the muck-yard, there was no removal. But it is said that this took place merely as an experiment to make a judicial case. Now, suppose there is anybody who, with the facts before him, can believe that this was not an after thought, let us see if that palliates the offence. The President is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. In what part of the Constitution or laws does he find it to be his duty to search out for defective laws that stand recorded upon the statutes, in order that he may advise their infraction? Who was aggrieved by the Tenure of Office bill that he was authorized to use the name and the funds of the government to relieve? Will he be so good as to tell us by what authority he became the obstructor of an unrepealed law instead of its executor, especially a law whose constitutionality he had twice tested? If there were nothing else than his own statement, he deserves the contempt of the American people, and punishment of its highest tribunal. If he were not willing to execute the laws passed by the American Congress and unrepealed, let him resign the office which was thrown upon him by a horrible convulsion, and retire to his village obscurity. Let him not be so swollen by pride and arrogance, which sprang from the deep misfortune of his country, as to attempt an entire revolution of its internal machinery, and the disgrace of the trusted servants of his lamented predecessor.

The gentleman (Mr. Groesbeck) in his peroration implored the sympathy of this Senate with all the elegance and pathos of a Roman Senator pleading for virtue : and it is to be feared that his grace and eloquence turned the attention of the Senate upon the orator rather than upon the accused. Had he been pleading for innocence, his great powers would have been well executed ; had he been arguing with equal eloquence before such a Roman Senate for such a delinquent, and Cato, the Censor, had been one of the Judges, his client would have soon found himself in the stocks in the middle of the forum, instead of receiving the sympathies of a virtuous and patriotic audience.

GEN. LEE'S COLLEGE.

THE following extract is from a letter by a resident of Brooklyn, in the *Independent*.

My first year in the South took me to Lexington, Va. I travelled one entire day in the company of Gen. Lee ; and, being confirmed by his external deportment in my preconceived belief that he was what the world is accustomed to call a gentleman, I took heart as regards my novel position. My first excursion in Lexington, which was simply to a hardware store, on a shopping errand, was the occasion of my first insult from the students of Washington College. A group of them followed me into the store, and then beckoned to their comrades outside to come and take a look at the Yankees, at the price of twenty-five cents a look. I wrote to Gen. Lee, saying that I had come there with kind and peaceable intentions ; that it was my purpose to conduct myself as a lady ; and that, while I did so, I claimed the right to be treated as such. To this I received no reply ; and I soon decided that to expect protection from that quarter would be vain. Thenceforth I met every insult in silence and patience. Never did I walk the streets of Lexington without rudeness, in one form or another. Ladies gloried in compelling the Yankee woman, in her good nature, to step into the mud for their accommodation ; the boys of the aristocratic school of the place hooted every time I passed them ; and the students sneered and cursed alternately. From one set of students, whose boarding-house I was compelled constantly to pass, I habitually received the polite salutation of "damned Yankee bitch of a nigger teacher," with the occasional addition of an admonition to take up my abode in the infernal regions. I have been awakened from my sleep, in the dead of the night, by horrible serenades, performed under my window, by these same gentlemanly young men. I have taught an evening school while brickbats and rough stones were being thrown by them at the windows. And, finally, I came near being driven out, with my companions, in consequence of a statement, made by an ex-mayor of the place, that the students were planning to burn the school property in which we were living.

All these facts are perfectly known to Mr. Beecher. Yet he appears to be satisfied that Washington College is pre-eminently the place, and Gen. Lee pre-eminently the man, for the training of the young men of the South.

I recollect that at an anniversary meeting of the American Missionary Association Mr. Beecher said that we needed men and women to go south as teachers of the negroes who were willing to be murdered. I indorse the sentiment. But it seems to me somewhat unnecessary to offer a premium for their murder. Mr. E. C. Johnston, to whom reference was made, in the *Independent*, in connection with Lexington, was associated with me.

* * * * * * *

In right of a ten-years membership of Plymouth Church, and by all the love I have borne, in days gone by, for its pastor, I protest against his recent course of action. In the name of justice to the newly-freed slave, and of the truest interest of his late master ; in the name of liberty and of God ; in the name of religion and—I will add—of common sense, I protest against all false sympathy with the South.

J. A. SHEARMAN.

KUKLUX IN MAURY COUNTY, TENN.

DREADFUL PLOT AGAINST THE COLORED PEOPLE.

From the Nashville Press and Times, April 14.

Maury county seems now to be about the only county in the State where the Kuklux Klan operates with the lawlessness and recklessness which was designed by the originators of the conclave. In other sections of the State the society appears to have subsided into inactivity. In Maury county, however, the demonical clan seems to have concentrated its whole virulence. Outrage and murder are here rampant and a state of affairs fearful to contemplate has been produced. There are plenty of Union colored soldiers in Maury, and we feel assured that they have stood the outrages upon their race about as long as weak human nature can endure. We tremble at the thought of a sanguinary conflict which might occur at almost any hour.

Not content with beating, shooting, and hanging grown colored people, the Klan, with a refinement of demonical cruelty, have descended to torturing the children. Last Saturday night four of a gang of masked villians took from a cabin about three miles from Columbia, two little girls and two boys, carried them to a creek not far off, threw them into the water, and afterwards made them wade about for a long time, until the little victims were so cold and benumbed that they could scarcely move. Of such material is the chivalry of the Kuklux made.

A few days ago, we are informed, a man notoriously Kuklux, was overheard talking with another violent rebel. The conversation revealed a dreadful plot which has been concocted among the Kuklux for murdering the colored people who are obnoxious to this devilish secret society. The conversation commenced on Fitzpatrick, who was hung by the Kuklux last week near the sulphur springs, not far from Columbia. The Kuklux said to his companion : "We didn't think he (Fitxpatrick) would be fool enough to stay around after we had given him the two hundred lashes, but he did, and G—d d—n him, we hung him. We ain't through with 'em yet, and by G—d we'll string up about five or six more in this neighborhood, in short order."

This glimpse of the animus of Kuklux, revealed through the conversation of one of its prominent members (we have his name), is suggestive of the bloodthirsty spirit. May Heaven grant that the perpetrators of the horrible outrages which have disgraced Maury county, and the whole State, be speedily visited with a vengeance commensurate with their crimes.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society invite its members and friends to assemble at Steinway Hall, New York, on Wednesday, May 13, at 10 1-2 o'clock a.m., for its Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting.

It is hoped that by the day named for this meeting the government will be again in the hands of loyal men—that Treason will have been thrust from the White House and loyalty will preside there. Then may we expect to see fitting measures adopted, not only to set up suitable political institutions in the lately rebel States, but also to establish free schools ; to protect the negro, furnishing him land, and guarantee to him forever his liberty and his vote ; to shield the loyal white man from insult and death ; to protect capital, and encourage throughout those States the enterprise, the business energy, and the industrial activity which are indispensable to their thorough and permanent reconstruction. Then, too, may we hope to see initiated those changes in the laws of Northern States which are needed for the colored race and for the peace of the Union.

All these matters have, directly or indirectly, a large influence on our cause. On such of them as directly and closely concern us, it becomes the Abolitionists to record their judgment and utter their testimony—doing all that in them lies to press these points on the conscience of the Nation, and to secure immediate attention to them ; as well as to obtain for their clients—the negro race—the most complete political equality and the most absolute guaranty possible for its continuance.

We earnestly urge all friends of the Society to be present and aid in its deliberations.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, MARY GREW, Col. T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN, and others, will address the meeting.

Mr. SIGISMOND LASAR will preside at the organ.

A Business Meeting of the Society will be held on Thursday, May 14, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock, a. m., at Dodworth Hall, Broadway, opposite 11th street.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *President.*

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, }
AARON M. POWELL, } *Secretaries.*

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION will be held in Boston at the MEIONAION on Wednesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock A. M. Messrs. WENDELL PHILLIPS, AARON M. POWELL, WM. WELLS BROWN, Rev. FRANCIS TIFFANY, JOHN T. SARGENT (and others to be announced next week), will address the Convention. The intensity of interests, moral, social, and political, involved in the present national crisis will undoubtedly bring together a goodly number of friends.

By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society. JOHN T. SARGENT, President.

CHAS. K. WHIPPLE, Recording Secretary.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY—SUFFRAGE.

A FORTNIGHT hence delegates representing the Republican party will assemble at Chicago to construct a platform, and nominate a candidate for the Presidency. Among those who will go up to the Convention will be black representatives from the South. The fact of their presence will in itself be significant. From it alone may be easily inferred the most important duty which will devolve upon the Convention. These colored delegates will represent a class of citizens who vote, as yet, only as an experiment at the South, and who, in a majority of the Northern and Western States, are disfranchised altogether, or subjected as in the State of New York, to an invidious property qualification. Their only offence is in their complexion. As matters now stand in politics, a glorious opportunity is offered to Republicans to go forward and enfranchise all colored citizens upon equal terms with the whites. We say it is their opportunity. That there are some men in the so called Democratic party who would gladly have their organization compass the same end, we do not doubt. But that party has so long and so successfully courted the favor of the "baser sort," and fostered a cruel hatred of negroes, that its best adherents are in a hopeless minority, and a change of base, though they may ever so much desire it, is practically impossible.

The special danger which threatens the Republican party—and the good it may accomplish, if it will, by securing a just settlement of the suffrage question so far as color is concerned—is in an attempt likely to be made to go before the country in a non-committal attitude. The Conservatives of the party have managed adroitly to get advance nominations, with a show of "spontaneity," of a candidate of doubtful opinions, if indeed he has any, whom they intend to thrust upon the Convention at all hazards. Assuming a great amount of political wisdom, they are in reality the most short-sighted of men. Failing to see their great opportunity to serve humanity, and also by so doing to strengthen their hold with the people—blind to the lesson of the old Whig party, they are seeking to ignore in the coming campaign the only principle, for the furtherance of which the Republican party would be worth preserving. We are not concerned that, as a party, it should be kept alive. We want the negroes enfranchised, and guaranteed by the nation in their freedom and political equality. This end, as the sequel of the abolition of chattelism, must and will be, by some party, attained. The Republican party is brought face to face with this problem. Its own existence and lease of power will depend upon its wisdom in dealing with it. If at Chicago it shall undertake to ignore the question altogether, or to deal with it doubtfully to accommodate any candidate who will demand such a sacrifice, its own doom will be sealed. To such a sacrifice Radicals will not submit.

The Fortieth Congress, having disposed of the White House obstacle, should at once enact a uniform law, regulating suffrage in all the States, for all elective Federal offices. This will secure the essential help of the colored men of several Northern and Western States in electing members of the Forty-first Congress, as well as President and Vice-President. Then an additional amendment of the Constitution, forbidding any proscriptive distinction, in any State, on account of color, will end the agitation of the question of the negroe's rights, and, so far, give to each State a Republican government in fact, as well as in name. This ground the Republican party may cover and live, or shun, be disintegreted, and die.

WE are indebted to the HON. CHARLES SUMNER for the *Congressional Globe*, with the proceedings of the Fortieth Congress, present session, complete in one volume.

THE STANDARD—VOL XXIX.

WITH the present issue begins a new volume—the twenty-ninth—of THE STANDARD. Established originally to aid in securing the freedom and elevation of the colored race, its mission thus far has been pre-eminently a successful one. Never a popular journal, with a swollen subscription list, it has, however, always held a front rank in power and influence. It has occupied this position as the representative of a phase of RADICAL OPINION which, during the past thirty years, has won many important victories.

One after another unrighteous laws which it would have expunged have been repealed, and others it would have enacted, have been placed upon the State and Federal statute-books. It has many times thwarted ambitious men in a career of political selfishness, men who sold themselves for gain to the service of slave-holders and slave-hunters. It has broken in pieces parties and churches in which there was neither the fear of God, nor regard for the rights of men. With chattelism and slave-hunting abolished, it has demanded the deposition of a treacherous Executive, who seeks the practical reenslavement of the negro, for whom is now claimed a national guarantee of equal citizenship. As we write the prospect is that, perhaps ere these lines are printed, the conviction and removal of the traitor President, in a accordance with the Radical will, will have become an accomplished fact. Only Senatorial treachery will prevent this result. Alone among journals at the outset did THE STANDARD advocate Impeachment, and for many months with little help from others, it urgently reiterated the demand. Witness at last the many public men and journals now fallen into line. This is but the latest illustration of preceeding years in THE STANDARD'S experience. The function of the movement it represents has been to direct men and measures, in the service of freedom. That the agitation has been effective, the history of legislation and of slavery in this country abundantly testifies. Though in a minority it has had RIGHT on its side and it has therefore possessed and wielded the major share of power.

The special mission of THE STANDARD in behalf of the freedom of the colored race, so successful thus far, has not yet been fulfilled. In a majority of the Northern and Western States colored men are deprived of the ballot and defrauded of their rights as citizens solely on account of color. At the South a fierce conflict between the whites and blacks is invited, if the military be withdrawn without farther action on the part of Congress to gaurantee the rights of colored citizens. Conservative Republicans now seek to conciliate the still rebellious, negro-hating southern whites, and the Copperhead Democracy of the North by the intimation that a door has been left open by Congress through which the old ruling white class lean yet return to political supremacy, under the cover of "State Sovereignty. It is claimed that after the temporary process of Reconstruction is over the newly adopted State Constitutions may be so amended and "reformed"(!) as to practically disfranchise a large proportion of those who in the process of Reconstrution, by act of Congress are, temporarily, voters. This is a grave political danger to which Congress has unjustly and as unnecessarily left the blacks of the South exposed. While this danger continues at the South, and unjust proscription remains the rule in the treatment of the colored people of the North, Abolitionists will remain vigilantly at their posts of duty. They will trust nothing to the temptations and reckless treachery of party politicians, and to the priests and Levites of a time-serving and conscienceless church and ministry.

During the year just closed THE STANDARD has held its own, and also made a steady gain in its circulation. We shall continue for the present to send the desirable preimums offered elsewhere. We have had the pleasure during the past year of frequently mailing copies of Mr. Phillips', Mrs. Childs' and Mrs. Dall's valuable books to friends in different parts of the country who have served both themselves, and THE STANDARD, by sending us new subscribers.

Encouraged by all that has been gained hitherto we shall press the claim for justice and impartial freedom for the negro until all invidious distinctions on account of color are abolished, and colored men and women receive such recognition as men and women are entilled to on the score of a common humanity.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE American Colonization Society takes advantage of the present suffering among the colored people at the South to revive its mischievous work. Under the guise of pious pretension, and of friendly interest in their welfare it begets a spirit of discontent among colored people, and awakens anticipations by its promises which those whom it deludes can never realize. It stimulates among white people, North and South, the caste spirit and negro-hatred. Its operations are based upon the theory that this is the "white man's country," and that between the whites and blacks there is an irreconcilable antagonism. We are glad to notice that the colored people of Pennsylvania have taken measures to counteract as fully as possible the injurious influence of the colonizationists. We shall give next week the proceedings of a recent meeting held in Philadelphia, kindly furnished us for publication, together with a timely Address adopted by them to their colored brethren at the South.

WE present this week the Hon. THADDEUS STEVEN'S able and incontrovertible argument in favor of the Impeachment of the President. His is the only one of the several arguments which our space will allow us to print in full. Without attempting to go over the entire field, he covers sufficient ground, as all candid, intelligent readers must admit, to render unmistakable the duty of Senators to pronounce in favor of the deposition of the Presidential usurper.

AN agitation is fairly inaugurated in Great Britain which must ultimate in the effectual sundering of the unholy alliance which has too long been allowed to continue between church and state. Gladstone, and Bright, and their liberal coadjutors, are defied and baulked, for the time being, by Disraeli, the English Seward. But the debate will go on, in and out of Parliament, and the ultimate triumph of the Liberal party is in nowise doubtful.

WE observe that it is stated on the authority of the *National Temperance Advocate*, after careful investigation, that Gen. Grant does not *now* drink alcoholic drinks. We learn through another source, which we suppose to be reliable, that he has given a pledge that he will not drink intoxicating drinks for *one* year. This however does not suffice to make him an available presidential candidate for temperance people, with an official term, should he be elected, of *four* years duration. On the question of negro suffrage he has not as yet given Radicals any satisfactory pledge at all.

STRAWS upon the surface indicate an earnest purpose on the part of certain managing "Democratic" politicians to make Charles Francis Adams the presidential candidate of the nominating Convention to be held in this city on the fourth of July next. This has been a cherished plan with Seward for many months. Another political "state," of less importance, presents the name of the son, John Quincy Adams, for the next (whiskey—Democratic) governor of Massachusetts. Alas for the once honored name of Adams!

WE present THE STANDARD this week in a new and beautiful typographical dress, furnished from the font of James Connor and Sons of this city.

It will be of interest to many of our readers to know that the composition of THE STANDARD is now done by women, in one of the pleasantest and best equipped printing offices to be found in the city.

WE hope for a full attendance of the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the Thirty-fifth Annual Meeting to be held at Steinway Hall on Wednesday next ; and at the business meeting to be held at Dodworth Hall on Thursday. WENDELL PHILLIPS, MARY GREW, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN and others will address the meeting. The crisis in public affairs through which we are passing will render this meeting one of the most important, as it is likely to be one of the most interesting ever held by the Society.

WE call attention to the announcement in another column of the Second Annual meeting of the American Equal Rights Association to be held at the Cooper Institute on Thursday next, day and evening. The speakers at this meeting will be LUCY STONE, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN, ROBERT PURVIS, HENRY B. BLACKWELL and others. Advocating equal rights for all, a leading purpose of this association is to secure the enfranchisement of women. We hope the meeting may be fully attended, and be made in a large degree influential in behalf of the cause which it represents.

FROM WASHINGTON.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, May 4th, 1868.

The Great Trial draws to its close. Bingham to-day opens the final argument on behalf of the people. He has an opportunity for the display of forensic power more magnificent than any American orator has ever before enjoyed. That he will do honor to himself and the cause he advocates, in view of his eminent abilities, cannot be doubted. Still there is an irrepressible feeling of regret in many minds that it is not to be Charles Sumner or Wendell Phillips who is to sum up the case against this Incarnation of the Revised Rebellion in a strain of lofty eloquence which should rise to the full height of the historic occasion, and become classic in our annals.

In reviewing the Trial it must be conceded that on the whole it has been conducted with great ability as well as dignity. The main points of just criticism have been the disposition of the Senate to grant unnecessary delays, and to admit irrelevant testimony. The latter however was soon shut out when the Senate realized into what a labyrinth of difficulty it was being led.

Gen. Butler has shown matchless powers in the conduct of the case on the part of the managers, entitling him to rank with the great lawyers of any age or country. Single handed he has met and vanquished, again and again, in that historic arena the four ablest counsel in America. His unequalled legal resources have been the wonder and admiration of the Bar, and have extorted praise even from the reluctant pens of the Boston *Advertiser*. A grateful country owes him a debt of gratitude which it will not be slow to acknowledge.

The President's counsel have brought to the case all that legal acumen by which their great reputation have been won, yet notwithstanding the learning, the skill and the eloquence which they have lavished in defence of their client, this fact has been made clearer day by day as the trial progressed—shining out brighter and brighter the more it was attempted to be obscured, the President's open and contemptuous violation of the Tenure of Office act. Never was the weakness of a cause more elaborately exposed than his has been by its advocates.

THE STANDARD'S able Washington correspondent Asmodeus, thinks that Fessenden and Grimes are likely to vote for acquittal. As their votes can be spared it is to be hoped they may do so, and thus be able to gratify their personal malice at the expense of closing their public careers. It is the greatest favor in their power to grant to the party which has suffered more from their alliance than it ever could from the hostility of much abler and better men.

It is understood that the Grant managers, with those Senators and others who have Vice-Presidential aspirations are not indisposed to protract the trial until the meeting of the Chicago Convention, being fearful that President Wade's succession may thwart their plans. Such motives are discreditable to Senators. The country expects the trial to close this week and it ought not to be disappointed.

The nation is to be congratulated that for the first time in its history the executive department of the government is to be administered for ten months by a man who is not only a theoreical but a practical believer in human equality, a man to whom the rights of the poorest negro in the hovels of Carolina are as sacred as those of Astor in New York, surrounded by his colossal wealth.

During this brief period, is the opportunity to plant justice in all our borders. The first business of Congress under the new administration must be to propose a Constitutional amendment declaring that no State shall exclude any person from the right of suffrage on account of color or race. All other reconstruction measures, and all statutes of the same import are idle and useless in comparison with this vital addition to our fundamental law. The right of suffrage to the negro should not be left to the mercy of shifting majorities in Congress or the treacherous quicksands of State Constitutions. That sound right must be placed above all contingencies. The hour for accomplishing this work has come, and not a moment must be wasted, for the time is inconceivably precious.

In connection with this great question we hear that the programme of the Grant managers at the Chicago Convention is to nominate their candidate without a platform, and thus avoid committing the Republican party to negro-suffrage. This attempt to justify Grant, in advance for treachery to the black race, by giving his future apologists the opportunity of saying that negro suffrage is no part of the Republican creed, ought to be met at the threshhold of the Convention with unyielding resistance. The unbought Radicals of the party will vote for Grant at best, with great reluctance. They will never vote for him at all, unless the party continues pledged to stand by those ideas, the triumph of which alone they value. This element is the very life blood of the Republican organization, and neither the Radicals of the North nor the fire-tried Union men of the South, white or black, will ever consent to such base betrayal through this scheme of the Swiss recruits who assume to furnish the party with its captain for the next four years.

BRANDON.

Mr. George W. Smalley writes to the *Tribune* : "Lord Brougham, now in his ninetieth year, is in France, and has remarkably good physical health, but his memory is quite gone, except at intervals, when his recollection of minute details is wonderful. An old friend recently called on him and (as is not often the case) was admitted. "Who are you, sir, and what do you want?" asked the ex-Chancellor. "Oh," replied the other, "don't you remember J. B.?" "Yes, I do ; he died eighteen months ago." "Oh, no, Lord Brougham, I am J. B." "Very well, sir," rejoined the peer, "but if this interview is to be an agreeable one, don't contradict me!"

PERSONAL.

Ristori has returned to New York, and appears this week at the French Theatre for a brief season, at the close of which she will leave for Europe.

The Rev. William H. Furness of Philadelphia, will preach in this city, at All Soul's (Rev. Dr. Bellow's) Church, on Sunday next, May 10, morning and evening.

Anna E. Dickinson will deliver her lecture, "Idiots and Women," at Steinway Hall in this city on Friday evening, May 8. We hope she may be greeted by a large audience such as the excellence of her lecture deserves.

The Hudson (N. Y.) *Republican* says : "It may not be generally known that Gen. B. F. Butler, who has since become so distinguished in his way, was born in the town of Kinderhook, in this county, and studied law with Martin Van Buren in 1811, afterwards becoming his associate."

Mrs. Frances D. Gage who has for several months been in this city an invalid, having so far recovered as to be able to travel, has gone to Bucks County, Pennsylvania, to spend some time with friends, and in the hope of additional improvement in health.

Mr. Sigismond Lasar, the well known organist whose generous co-operation we have enjoyed at many of our Anniversary meetings in this city and are to be again favored with at Steinway Hall next week, has we learn been chosen organist and conductor of the choir, of the Rev. Dr. Murray's (formerly Dr. Gardiner Spring's) Church, on Fifth Avenue, corner of 37th street.

The following note from Mr. W. J. Linton will explain itself :

NEW YORK, April 29, 1868.

The Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

My Dear Sir : Will you be good enough to correct a statement among your "Personals" of last week.

I have not "accepted the appointment of General Superintendent of the Cooper Institute School of Design." I have only undertaken the Superintendence of the *engraving department* of the Ladies' School. The general superintendent of that is Dr. Rimmer, a man under whom men of far higher qualifications than myself may be proud to serve.

Faithfully yours,

W. J. LINTON.

At the last committee meeting of the London National Society for Women's Suffrage, three new members were elected for the executive committee, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Russell Martineau, and Misss Eliza Keary. Miss Caroline Ashurst Biggs was also elected joint secretary with Mrs. P. A. Taylor. During the last month several members have been added to the general committee, among whom may be mentioned Florence Nightingale, Viscount Amberley, M. P., Sir John Bowring, Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., M. P., Mr. Hadfield, M. P., Professor Robertson, Mr. Edmund Beales, Mr. W. H. Ashurst, and Professor Kennedy. The petition will be presented in May by Mr. J. S. Mill, M. P. Upward of 15,000 signatures have already been obtained.

George W. Smalley in a letter from London to the *Tribune*, says : "No fewer than six women have recently been elected on parochial boards in various parts of England. In the neighborhood of Newcastle-up-on-Tyne there are accounts of a religious movement which is almost entirely in the hands of women. They go about among the laboring people, read the Bible to them, and converse on religious topics with great enthusiasm. Several of them preach on Sundays, and among these a Miss Wilson, described as having a "pleasing countenance and a winning way with her," is gaining some repute as a pulpit orator. I hear that Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Maclaren, both wives of members of Parliament, and Miss Taylor, daughter-in-law of Mr. Mill, are satisfied that the next time their parliamentary movement for the enfranchisement of women occurs, the weight of opinion it will secure will be far beyond general expectation."

Mrs. Z. R. Plumb gave a closing reception at her Calistheneum, No. 82 Fifth Avenue, on Thursday afternoon last. The exercises consisted of free gymnastics ; wands ; rings ; dumb-bells ; and marches. They were all finely performed, and witnessed with evident satisfaction by a large audience of ladies and gentlemen, friends of Mrs. Plumb and her pupils. An interesting incident not mentioned in the printed programme, and a pleasant surprise, was the presentation to Mrs. Plumb by her classes, of a very beautiful silver tea-service, as a testimonial of their friendly regard. The presentation address was made by Mrs. Croly ("Jennie June") and happily responded to by Mrs. Plumb. Addresses were also made by Mr. Ellinwood of the Adelphi Academy of Brooklyn and Dr. Holbrook, Editor of the *Herald of Health*.

Laboulaye, writing to the Editor of the Washington *Chronicle* from his country residence, Gratigny, near Versailles, April 17th, 1868, says : "At this moment all Europe is looking with amazement upon the trial of President Johnson. Nobody understands anything about it, and I have an extreme joy in proving to my friends that the President does not control a single soldier, and that, if he is removed, everything will go on quietly without him, and that no one will trouble him. Such a trial confounds all French ideas, because with us *power* is everything ; in it is concentrated the life of the nation ; but with you, happily, it is the nation that lives, and the President has but the most limited power. Enjoy your good fortune, and strive to understand it. I do not permit myself to have an opinion as to the merits of the trial. Living at such a distance ; I fear that I might be unjust ; but I congratulate America on being able to conduct such a trial. Whatever may be the issue, it will be proved that with you the law is more powerful than the man. It is just the reverse in our Latin countries. Men are always more powerful then the laws. I forget myself—talking with you as if we were at Gratigny.

Believe me, with entire sympathy,

Your obedient servant,

ED. LABOULAYE."

A correspondent writing from West Walworth, N. Y. May 3, says : "The people of West Walworth were highly entertained last Sunday afternoon and on the Wednesday evening following, by addresses from the earnest self sacrificing advocate of equal rights, Miss Sallie Holley. We heralded her coming ; for it had been some sixteen years since she visited our little place, and her voice was heard giving utterances to the truths that welled from her inmost soul—a soul purified and perpetuated by a life of earnest toil, for justice and humanity.

May the star that illuminates her path never grow dim. We trust the truths she presented to us, have not been scattered to the four winds of heaven, but have been treasured as precious gems, in the mind of each and every one of her auditors."

Wendell Phillips will lecture upon "Daniel O'Connell" in the Academy of Music, in this city, on Tuesday next, May 12th.

Mrs. Kemble who read for the last time the present season in this city at Steinway Hall on Saturday, is now reading to large audiences in Boston. The closing reading here was as a rare treat. Her programme was miscellaneous, including selections from Scott, Milton, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Whittier, and an exquisite poem by her daughter entitled "The Boat of Grass."

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, May 4, 1868.

WHETHER, before the close of the present week, we shall be privileged to rejoice over the result of the great trial at Washington, or whether that result will be such as to fill us with sadness and chagrin, it is not at this hour possible to determine. The indications are of a kind to flatter our hope, and give assurance of the triumph of loyalty and order over usurpation. We have but a few days more to await the issue, and there is just sufficient ground for distrust to make those days painful with apprehension. Your Washington correspondent is confident that Johnson will be convicted, and Col. Moss, in the STANDARD, declares very positively that such will be the verdict. May they, and a host of others who have thus sanguinely predicted, prove to be true prophets! We can wait patiently, perhaps, till the final hour arrives ; but it would be a trial to accept and endure with patience the acquittal of the great offender. What genuine satisfaction will fill our hearts to learn of his removal, to know that this bold bad man is no longer President of the United States, but that, awed and subdued, convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors in office, he is ignominiously compelled to take the rank of a private citizen, scorned, humiliated and disgraced! No words can describe the thrill of rapture that his conviction will create, rousing to ecstacy loyal hearts all over the land. Especially will colored citizens everywhere heartily rejoice, whose cause the great criminal so early betrayed, who, promising to be their Moses, became their worst enemy instead, and who has done no act to restrain the lawlessness and cruelty of the demons that have maltreated them in every way, torturing and murdering them. There is every reason to exult over the verdict of *guilty*, but no source of consolation to assuage the calamity of an acquittal!

Among the changes that may be noted here are the removal of the *Morning Post* and *Evening Star* newspaper offices. The proprietors of these journals have secured a commodious building on South Seventh street, near Chestnut, not far from the *Press* office. These enterprising penny papers will have far better facilities for their growing business in their new quarters than in the offices they have occupied, and will likewise be of more convenient access for the public.

The business of the *Post*, in particular, has largely increased, showing a steady and assured prosperity ; and it has need of more working room, and more extensive accommodations. The proprietors may congratulate themselves upon the success of their good enterprise. It affords an evidence of the value of energy, labor and spirit, such as characterizes their undertaking. Success is ofttimes mainly due to a determination to succeed, and public patronage rarely refuses to recognize well-directed efforts to win its bestowal.

Although the *Post* has never deviated from a thoroughly Radical course, yet latterly we miss those bold and spirited editorials, so full of courage, vigor, and the glow of high-toned thought, which recommended it to favor in the beginning, and which evinced such an enthusiastic purpose to battle in behalf of sound radical politics. Its position in regard to impartial suffrage is doubtless as unequivocal as ever, but we miss that sparkling warmth which has hitherto permeated its best articles on that all-important subject. Since it yielded to that resistless pressure which has placed Grant's name in the foreground, it has seemed to decline from its shining standard of excellence. Let us hope that the brave little *Post* may not become tame and spiritless, nor lose that delicious raciness which has made its acquaintance so pleasant and desirable.

It is always a pleasure to record the good deeds of a man's life, and to know that death does not terminate his benificence. The record of benevolent action would be fuller and longer were the means always wedded to the will. Isaac Barton, lately deceased, was blessed with abundance, and others have been blessed by his charity. He bequeathed various sums to numerous institutions, among them $5,000 to the Institution for Colored Youth of Philadelphia ; $25,000 to the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, located here, and $5,000 to the Woman's Hospital, connected with the College, with $1,000 for the endowment fund of the same. The whole sum thus bequeathed, to these and other institutions of our city, amounts to almost $70,000. W.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5th, 1868.

THE feeling here to-day is intense. The excitement is not noisy, but solemn. During the whole progress of the trial I have never before seen such a wide spread distrust and dread. Much of this comes of the natural anxiety which grows out of this long and weary travail. This "big job" of the ages cannot be accomplished without much misgiving. Even your correspondent, confident always, hitherto and now, cannot help against his best reason even, being somewhat infected by the fear that prevails. The old saw that, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," is largely representative of what is felt to-day.

So have I seen men lie down at night, or rest just before break o'dawn, with bloody battle impending, assured of their righteous cause, of their plans and materials, believing as only men in earnest can, that victory must come, yet fearing the sound of the signal gun and the uncertainty that dwells in the first shock.

So have I ridden at night with moving troops, in a region infested by guerillas, and the timber-fringed paths of which afford ample covert for the rebel rifle, and the deadly ambush. As my horse has picked his way along, eyes, ears, all the senses, were strained to nervousness and yet worn with fatigue, I have nodded sleepily in the saddle, only to start up now and then to fancy that the silver moonbeams which glinted through the tree-branches and lit the open space in front of the advancing column, were the gleams of gun-barrels and that the thickets about were alive with armed men, over and over again has the weird psychology of the mind woven out of the sudden impulse, the whole drama ; the blinding flash of the murderous saltpetre, the thunderous crash and roar, the topple of men and horses, and the wild thud and roar of midnight struggle. The consciousness was as real and painful as if it occured, but it lasted but for a moment.

figures seem to somewhat convey impressions which now exist here. We expect an ambush. We know not how the onset will result. We are ready for the fray, but dread, as only men can who recognize fully cause and effect.

But why this dread? There's the rub. Few persons can tell the cause. I have followed it from one step to another, and it resolves into the boasts the friends of Johnson are making; into the threats that are given forth by them that every doubtful transaction had between Republican Senators and the President, shall be given to the country; and lastly and probably more important than either of the other two, is the now known defection of Senators Grimes and Fessenden. Men, who are careful and shrewd, give up the Maine dyspeptic. They believe he will deliberately and wickedly stultify himself. There can be no reason other than disappointed ambition and personal prejudices. Fessenden dislikes Wade and hates Mr. Sumner. He only tolerates Wilson. He thinks that the nation should obediently bend when he nods, and is outraged that any intellect equal or superior to his own is recognized. The chief difficulty in judging of him is that he still believes he has a career. Grimes, however, is confessedly a disgusted man. Acrid, bilious, jealous, he goes out of the Senate to private life, with a profounder contempt probably for his own career, than any one else even entertains. The feeling of contempt some feel towards him cannot be estimated, yet Grimes seems himself to surpass it in personal recognition. At least the only way of accounting for many of his actions, is to suppose that he really believes himself to be a jealous old "Dehertor" who has reached the end of a career which leaves aches only in his mouth.

Last evening it is reported that quite a number of Conservative Senators were in conference at Fessenden's. The Maine Senator, Grimes, Fowler, Van Winkle, Trumbull, Anthony, Ross, and *Henderson* of Mo., are reported to have been present. I think it doubtful if all named were there. It is generally known that Fessenden has prepared an argument against the sufficiency of the articles, bearing especially on the three first: those being the ones relied upon for conviction. His colleague, Gov. Morrill, has prepared one on the other side. Some of the shrewdest Senators declare their belief in Trumbull, and also in the West Virginia Senators. Sprague and Henderson are both, in their respective states, candidates for re-election. Neither can be, if—in the light of the fearful past, the insolent reply and its arrogant claims, and in the presence of that portentuous

future which looms so near and threatening, like the haunting shadow of a masked assassin dogging one's footsteps, ever near and nearer stealing—*they dare to acquit the President and betray the Republic.* Senator Ross, counted by and through associations as among the doubtful, has taken occasion to assure Republican Senators, since the evidence was in, that he should vote "guilty" on the articles charged. Fowler only remains. His colleagues in the House believe in him yet.

The certainty now felt that Fessenden will go wrong is what alarms our friends. He has always had a considerable following. There are enough mere law-mongers, mere "rhetors," as Gurowski would say if living, who have always bent as he directs, that it is feared they may do so yet.

The President's friends are very active. There is little doubt that all sorts of corrupt influences are appealed to. Men's fear, avarice, ambition, all are played upon. They declare that but thirty-two votes can be obtained on any one article for conviction. What is more to be dreaded is some combination by which the so-called conservatives will all of them vote "guilty" on some one article, while there will not be enough on any one to convict. This is the last dodge, and it is a shrewd one. It will not avail. He who will not be for us is against us. The light will search out all the dark corners, and their motives will be revealed. Every Republican Senator who fails now is doomed. His name will be linked with that of renegade and traitor—and history will hold his memory as loathsome. I say this advisedly, because the fell furies will be loosened if Andrew Johnson is acquitted. Will it be believed that there are men so weak in the Republican party, as to think that acquitted, Andrew Johnson can be controlled to decency for the balance of a term, the sequence of assassination. God of Heaven! What consummate fools there are in the world. The knaves would not use any argument so superlatively ridiculous.

Acquittal will be followed by disaster. It is sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind. Let any man who knows the condition of the South reflect on the direful consequences that must follow failure of impeachment. Within two days I have conversed with an ex-army officer who has travelled leisurely from Northern Florida through Georgia and Southern Alabama. He declares that the loyal people affirm the terrorism there is worse than the darkest hours of the rebellion. In Alabama the jails are filled, on trivial and trumped-up charges, with loyal white and black men who voted for reconstruction. In Greenville, a venerable lawyer has been shot at twice. Every case the same gentleman had in the recent court-term was lost, not on their merits, but from hatred to him. He run for Circuit Judge under the new constitution. His "offence hath this extent, no more!" The editor of the *American Union*, Clarke Swayze, who has battled the rebellion from the first hour to the last and never left his post, never false, never daunted, though sometimes silenced, now writes that he can no longer live at Griffin, Ga., in in safety and must leave. Murder, Rapine, Rebellion, Race-hatred, all wait red-handed, but the flat of the Senate. If it is acquittal, God help the Union men of the unreconstructed South—Aye! God help the Republic, for civil war, internecine struggle will soon be upon us. Will Republican Senators dare hold the man guiltless whose vile heart, wicked brain, and malignant will has made possible such a contingency, under whose policy, a chronic insurrection has existed for now, these more than two years past? Will Senators insure the White House for the councils of the Ku Klux Klan? That is what acquittal means for the South. What it means for the North, can be ascertained by studying the loathsome utterances of the La Crosse *Democrat* the *Old Guard*, the Catholic *Universe*, etc. The festering fury which can fatten into such great proportions a spawn of hell so hideous as Brick Pomeroy is an indication of a terrible spirit in the land. The acquittal of Andrew Johnson strengthens this, foments its disorderly humors, and it will grow, so fattening by what it feeds upon, that at last too soon, some loathsome disorder will break out in the body politic.

It cannot be. Acquittal will not be rendered. There are not to be six Republican Senators so base as to betray country, so knavish as to destroy their party, root and branch, and so supremely foolish as to utterly destroy themselves. I again affirm my belief that Johnson will be convicted by a 37 or 38 vote.

ASMODEUS.

[FOR THE ANTI SLAVERY STANDARD.]

"ALL SOUL'S DAY."

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

FROM childhood, my imagination has been prone to start on its travels whenever opportunity offered to mount for a ride, either into the realms of the Past or the Future. One of these tempting occasions is now before me, in the form of a very beautiful chromo; the latest issued from the press of the widely-known Louis Prang, of Boston. It represents a marble cross, with a brilliantly-tinted wreath thrown gracefully over it. The tea-roses, geraniums, fuchsias, and other glowing flowers, are redolent of summer, and form a charming contrast to the dreary brown fields, and the harsh wind that is piping a savage rigadoon to the leafless boughs. How cheering to the soul is the presence of any form of Beauty! This lovely garland seems to soothe and harmonize my feelings, somewhat irritated by the fierce blast that is tearing my crocuses to flitters. Only one thing is wanting. The peculiarly appropriate passion-flower is not there. It was so named, you know, because the old monks thought they saw in its structure a resemblance to the crucifix and nails; and so it became a consecrated flower in the Catholic church, and has for centuries been used to garland its crosses and altars;

"Bringing to the mind
The young days of the Christian church,
Dim ages left behind."

"Easter Morning" is inscribed on the pedestal of the cross before me; and those words have set my mind rambling through periods long antecedent to the advent of Christianity. I am no great observer of days and seasons; but Easter Morning brings with it a crowd of associations dear to the heart and poetic to the imagination. The festival dates as far back as the first dawn of civilization. All the ancient nations expressed their gratitude for the return of Spring by long processions, playing on musical instruments, singing hymns of praise, and bearing offerings of flowers to their temples. It is a singular fact that among the emblems carried by the priests on such occasions a cross is conspicuous; which seems with them to have been symbolic of the reproduction of life in Nature, as the Christian cross, slightly different in form, is typical of resurrection to life beyond the grave. The Christian church found this festival endeared by immemorial usage to the hearts of all its proselytes in Egypt, Persia, Palestine, Greece, Rome, and the various Teutonic tribes; and it followed its usual wise policy of baptizing a time-honored custom with a Christian name, instead of attempting to abolish it. Thus what was originally in honor of the ascending natural sun was appropriated to the ascension of the spiritual "sun of righteousness."

All the ancient nations worshipped some Mother Goddess, which to their minds represented the Earth, or Nature. Among the Teutonic nations this Goddess bore the name of Oster, or Easter, which in their language signified rising. A part of her worship was a great festival in the early Spring, to commemorate the rising of Nature from the grave of Winter; but after they became converted to Christianity they learned to understand it as signifying the rising of Jesus from the sepulchre, typical of the resurrection of the living soul from the dead body.

The Spring Festival of the Jews was called the Passover. Hence, Italians call Easter Pasqua, and the French name it Paques, in allusion to the Paschal Lamb, which the Jews offered on that day, as atonement for their sins. The sacrifice of animals was abolished by the Christian church, which taught that Jesus was the Lamb, whose sacrifice was all sufficient to atone for the sins of the world.

In the religious worship of several ancient nations the egg was an emblem of resurrection, on account of the life which came out of what was apparently dead. For this reason, Persians were accustomed to present each other with eggs at their Spring Festival; and an egg is among the religious emblems on the monuments of ancient Egypt. Moses probably brought the idea with him from Egypt; for eggs were placed on the tables at the Feast of the Passover. Christian converts, who had been accustomed to this emblem of re-produced life, adopted it as symbolic of the resurrection of Jesus; and to this day it is so regarded in many countries. The heads of families are accustomed, the evening before Easter Sunday, to boil a quantity of eggs hard and carry them to the priests, who consecrate them by sprinkling them with holy water, reciting prayers, and making the sign of the cross over them. These Easter Eggs are stained with various colors, but mostly red, to signify the blood of Jesus. Wealthy people have them richly gilded, or painted with figures and inscriptions, relating to resurrection. The Easter Feast is spread in the best room of the house, on a table covered with the handsomest cloth, and strewn with flowers. In the centre is a great pyramid of consecrated eggs, gay with gilding and brilliant colors, and decorated with garlands. On that day, men and women, both of the Greek church and the Catholic church, present an Easter Egg to whomsoever they meet, kissing him at the same time, and saying, "Christ has risen." The kiss is returned, with the response, "He has risen indeed." In this ceremonial no distinction of ranks is observed; a servant may kiss a Duke, or a peasant may kiss a Princess, with certainty that his salute will be returned. It is related of Charles the 5th that when he was travelling in Spain on the day of this joyful festival, he met a peasant wearing a tin crown, to signify that he had been chosen King of Easter, according to the custom of that country. The peasant reminded the monarch that people took off their hats to the King of Easter. The Emperor immediately uncovered his head, saying, "My good friend, I wish you joy of your royal office. You will find it a very troublesome one, I can assure you." Another custom was, and is, to release prisoners, and distribute bread and cakes among the poor. The bells of the churches ring merrily all the day, and the young people assemble to have merry times, with songs, and games, and dances. It was a common belief that the sun always danced when he rose on that blessed morning, and it lingers still in the minds of many. It was usual for parties to go out to catch the first glimpse of the rising luminary reflected in some stream, where, of course his rays did dance on the rippling waters. If there was no river or brook near by, people often placed a tub of water in the way of the morning breezes and led their children to it to see the sun dance at his rising. An Irishman, who lived with us, a few years ago, was very urgent that I should go out with him to see the Easter sun dance at its rising, in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus. "I have watched it many a time," said he, earnestly, "and it really does dance." As the great orb rose above the hills, he pointed to the golden shimmer and exclaimed, exultingly, "There! Don't you *see* it dance?" I smiled as I replied, "But don't you think, James, that it dances *every* bright morning?" Such a shadow passed over his face, that I was sorry I had disturbed his faith. Common sense is too strong a tonic for some states of spiritual health.

But though I have no part in the traditionary observances of the day, there is a sense in which Easter is full of hopeful significance to me. The rising sun of Christianity ushered in All Soul's Day, and therefore it dances to my spiritual eye. Among ancient nations, the masses of the people were utterly ignored by the ruling classes. They lived and died like animals. There was no portion for them in the Elysian Fields, appropriated solely to the spirits of priests and heroes, poets and philosophers. But Christian teachers, whatever might be their practices in this life, preached equality beyond the grave, and prayed, "May thy kingdom come on earth, as it is in heaven". That was a formidable lever, destined to produce greater overturns than the most prophetic eye foresaw. From the day that Jesus declared all mankind were brethren, children of the same Heavenly Father, the Angel of Progress has walked abroad, with the Star of Bethlehem on her forehead. She makes the dumb to speak and the deaf to hear. At her touch, chains drop off, and long-trampled masses rise up distinct individuals, claiming their birthright.

The externals of life always take form from the inward growth of the soul. Hence, as the thoughts and affections of mankind expand, all their surroundings grow larger and more beautiful. The houses of mechanics are now more comfortable than were the palaces of kings a few centuries ago. Queen Elizabeth had no state-carriage to be compared with our well-warmed, well-ventilated cars, splendid with crimson and gilding, in which the poorest wash-woman can perform her journeys. The blaze of gas has displaced dipped candles, and instead of weary couriers on jaded horses, we employ the lightning to flash our thoughts across continents. Books are no longer sealed up in dead languages, and all over the world human souls are learning to converse with each other by the aid of printing. Galleries of ancestors have ceased to be the exclusive privilege of nobles. The sun, which like the Deity it symbolizes, is "no respecter of persons," pictures wife and family for the laborer, as faithfully as for the prince. And now comes this beautiful invention called Chromo, by means of which the dwellings of all the people can be embellished with cheerful landscapes, life-like groups of men and animals, brilliant flowers, and fruit pictured so lusciously that it tempts one to take and eat.

I am pleased to see that so many of these charming productions are copied from the paintings of women. Ellen Robbins, whose flower-paintings are well known in this vicinity, has Mosses and Ferns, Bird's Nest's and Lichens reproduced in chromo. Lily M. Spencer's admirable Vase of Blackberries is circulating in the same form. V. Granberry's wonderful Basket of Cherries is carrying a delightful foretaste of summer into many households; and Mrs. Hart has woven a garland for Easter Morning, that might well make the sun dance when he looked upon it.

Success then to Mr. Prang, and to all others who are making beautiful pictures cheap enough to be attainable by multitudes! for their's is an important part in that grand procession, the ranks of which are everywhere forming to usher in All Souls' Day.

L. MARIA CHILD.

WOMEN'S LABOR.

THE New York *Sun* presents the following interesting facts in relation to women's labor in this city:

The facts respecting this question are of such importance that we shall present a mass of them to our readers, giving the particulars of various trades in which women are engaged, with their wages, hours of work, proficiency, and the like.

It is not possible to state exactly the number of women employed in the various branches of industry in New-York. In 1860 it amounted to 24,721, but there are probably twice as many now. The proportion of women to the number of men employed at the same time was 37.18 of the one to 100 of the other, and in Philadelphia 44.81. A considerable number of new occupations have been opened to women of late, or are more largely followed by them, such as printing, engraving, photograph coloring, and telegraphy.

As compositors, women have been very successful, and are now employed in several large establishments, including Harper's and the *World* office. They earn from $11 to $18 per week, being paid 50 cents per 1,000 ems on night and 45 cents on day work, the same as men. Women are much steadier than men, and more to be relied on. They have no "blue Mondays," and, except for want of strength to move forms, and such heavy parts of the work, would be much preferable to men; in fact, they are superseding them, except in night work, for which they have been found too delicate. They are also employed at press work, working ten hours at $6 per week, and as binders, book-sewers, and gilders at from $5 to $10 per week. Out of sixty-six hands in one establishment, ten average $10 per week and two receive $10.50. In all these occupations they are said to be steadier than men.

As engravers, women can earn $20 per week, if skilful. A publisher who employs them states that three or four of them work on shares, each doing a special part of the work; but thinks they do not compete with men from want of practice, the season for engraving being very short, and most plates being imported. The same gentleman employs female clerks—a cashier and saleswoman—and finds them preferable to men, because their services are so much cheaper. In Boston there are ten ladies employed as clerks in the different book stores.

As decorators and designers for china ware, women have not been as successful as might be expected. This work is mainly done by foreigners, and requires a longer apprenticeship than women can give. The latter are employed as burnishers, and can earn at this from $8 to $9 per week. This is a purely mechanical and somewhat laborious employment, but can be easily learned, generally in a month. Men are not engaged in it, so that there is no direct competition.

In many branches of the tailoring business women have almost superseded men, the difference of pay being such that men cannot compete with them. At a single establishment in this city about thirty-five girls, all of Irish descent, are employed from 8 A. M. to 6 P. M. making pantaloons for the Bowery and Chatham street trade. Several sewing machines are used, but most of the work is done by hand. With the exception of cutting out, all the work is done on the premises by a division of labor. By this means the labor is lessened, and a girl can earn nearly double what she could make by the ordinary plan. The average wages are $7 per week, smart hands earning as high as $9. Men earn from $10 to $14 at the heavier parts of the work, such as smoothing and pressing, which women have not the strength to do. The work-room is light, warm, and well ventilated, with no inconvenience except the heat of the fire in summer. Cases of sickness are rare, and the girls are of average health. As a class they are not steady workers, but apt to shirk when they get a little money. The really industrious are always on hand, but a great number are shiftless and lazy, and only work because necessity compels them.

The proprietor of this place complained of the odium which is attached to men in his business, which he said was really due to individuals, and not to the class. Employers could not be expected to pay more than the market price for labor, which he and many of the associates were doing; and it was the fault of society if this would not support the worker. The real cause of the cases of starvation prices, so often given in the papers, was the middle-men. Large manufacturers would not deal directly with workers, but got their supplies from middle-men, who pocketed all the profits, and forced down the prices of labor to almost nothing. Only the poorest and most suffering laborers would endure this, and efficient hands could always get better employment.

The general change from day to piece work, which has taken place in most kinds of business, has been of great benefit to the women as well as the men. Those who are capable and quick can now earn far more they did before, and in less time also. A gentleman of large experience states that some girls in his employ can now earn $12 and $13 by piece work, who only made $5 under the old plan. Employers, also, generally agree that the change is as much for their benefit as for that of their hands.

The largest and best field of labor for women is in occupations connected with the supply of female wearing apparel—dresses, cloaks, corsets, hoop skirts, and also mens' underclothing. In three large establishments, about 1,500 hands are engaged, at an average of $7 per week. The majority of these are skilled hands, and not more than one-quarter of those who usually apply are capable of doing the work. In one establishment, several colored girls are employed, and are found to be very intelligent and to get along harmoniously with their associates. In all of these places, the attendance is regular; few absences occur, except from sickness, and a preference is given to women over men. Piece work is the rule when possible and the general opinion is that it pays best. As a well-informed person states, it "gives twice the amount of work, doubly as well performed, and with only half as much superintendence." The use of sewing machines and division of labor have also been beneficial both to employer and hands, and have greatly improved the condition of the latter.

Among the women in these establishments there are many who receive quite high wages. Ten, twenty, and thirty dollars per week are not uncommon salaries, and there are several who get even forty dollars per week. The highest salary which any woman receives in this city is $5,000, which, in at least two instances, is paid without hesitation. In several large Broadway houses there are saleswomen who receive high salaries, but these are experienced persons and control a set of customers.

Women are not always as thorough as men, but neither have they had the same advantages as the latter. In physical strength and preparatory training they are much inferior, and they therefore deserve the more praise for what they have accomplished.

WOMAN FRANCHISE IN ENGLAND.

A PUBLIC meeting, in connection with the National Society for Women's Suffrage, was held about a fortnight ago in London.

This meeting was numerously attended by both men and women, the Mayor of Salford presiding. Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Whitworth and several other prominent members of Parliament were present and took part in the proceedings. It is noticeable that all the important speeches were made by women, of whom the most prominent were Miss Becker, Mrs. Pochin, wife of the Mayor, Miss Robertson and Mrs. Bright.

Miss Becker, who was the first spokeswoman, said among other things, that the women of Great Britain began to prove that they were by no means content with their enforced exclusion from the pale of the constitution. In various places the question had been raised, and numerous petitions to parliament were presented last session, and the work of the committees during the past year—those who would move the resolutions to-night, and those who by their presence supported them in their efforts—formed a demonstration which ought to convince the most skeptical that women did care, and cared very much, for the suffrage. Still, it had been said that these women were in a minority, and that the vast majority did not as yet ask the franchise to be extended to their sex. Perhaps they did not; but in the few weeks during which their committee was in operation last year, three thousand women of Manchester and the surrounding districts signed a petition for it; and if they might take the women whose opinions they had had an opportunity of testing as a sample of Englishwomen generally, she was in a position to state that if not an actual majority, a minority which nearly approached to one did ask for the franchise.

Mrs. Pochin said women were heartily tired of being restricted to mere talk, and that if members of parliament owed their places in any fair degree to woman suffrage, they would not venture to treat woman's opinions with disrespect or polite inattention. She denied the theory that "might is right the world over," and asserted that though most of the evils from which women suffer may not be crushed by legislation, yet that government could give them equal heritage, protection, bequest of property, a Christian marrige law, and could throw open the existing avenues to them, or endow new ones for their benefit.

The remarks of the women were listened to with great attention by the audience of both sexes, and several of their resolutions were seconded by the distinguished public men present.

The proceedings of this meeting were in pleasing contrast with those at a similar one in England, when the remarks of Doctor Anna Dinsmore, an American lady, were continually interupted by the hootings and yellings of an unmannerly crowd of male Britons, whose mothers should have taught them better.—*Evening Post.*

LITERARY.

A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a collection of seven stories, all excellent in moral tone and written in that pleasing style which has won for the author much popular favor. One of these stories, entitled "Marked," will be read with special interest as representing a painful chapter in American history. It is the story of a little child, who barely escapes the merciless persecutions of the French revolution, and finally finds a refuge in America. Learning early in life, through bitter experiences, the value of religious liberty, in after years she instils the lesson deeply in the hearts of her own household. They soon learn that even in the so-called free America this faith is subjected to a severe test. Bravely do they meet it, and the weary fugitive fleeing from slavery finds in their home shelter and concealment. The cruel enforcement of the fugitive slave-law finally calls for still greater sacrifices. They become victims of general suspicion, and at last subjected to the assaults of an infuriated mob their house is burned, and one of their number, the devout and heroic Estelle gives her own life as a sacrifice. The closing paragraph explains her triumph: "Wonderful to relate, both the minister and the two slaves made good their escape, so that the life of the lovely Estelle was not sacrificed in vain. I saw her beautiful remains the day after her death; they, with her family, had been removed to her father-in-law's house. Very calm and peaceful was the expression of her youthful features; no trace of dread remained upon them, nor of the fearful anxiety that must have clouded her last moments. All was happy and still—her work was done; she had not fainted in her day of trial. Evening was now come, and she was gone to rest, but she had carried with her to her couch one of the weapons of her warfare; for on her arm she still wore the simple ornament given to her by her husband—the bracelet with its heart-inspiring words—'The Lord is my rock.'"

It is a handsomely printed volume and will be a welcome addition to Jean Ingelow's other works, previously issued by the same publishers.

THE GALAXY for May is an unusually interesting number. It contains "The Black Bess," by Harriet Prescott Spoffard; "Personalism," by Walt Whitman; "Clementina Kinniside," by E. Lynn Linton; "The House and the Heart," by E. R. Sill; "The Pilgrimage to Mecca," by Edna Dean Proctor; "Words and their Uses," by Richard Grant White; with other valuable contributions. We quote below the following choice poem given anonymously and called

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

My home a stately dwelling is,
With lofty arching doors;
There is carving on the ceilings high,
And velvet on the floors;
A rich and costly building,
Where noiseless servants wait,
And 'neath the escutcheon's gilding,
None enter but the great.

But a happier home is near it, a humble cottage small,
And I envy its sweet mistress the shadows on her wall.

My pictures are the pride of Art,
And drawn by cunning hands;
But the painted figures never move,
Nor change, the painted lands;
Before the poorest window
More gorgeous pageants glide,
Within the lowliest household,
More lifelike groups abide;

And I turn from soulless symbols, that crowd my gloomy hall,
To watch the shifting shadows upon the cottage wall.

My stately husband never bends
To kiss me on the lips;
His heart is in his iron safe,
His thoughts are with his ships;
But when the twilight gathers
Adown the dusky street,
The little housewife listens
For sounds of coming feet;

And by the gleaming firelight I see a figure tall
Bend down to kiss a shadow, a shadow on the wall.

My garden palings, broad and high,
Shut in its costly spoils,
And through the ordered paths all day
The silent gardener toils;
My neighbor's is a grass-plat,
With a hardy buttercup,
Where children's dimpled fingers
Pull dandelions up,

Where on a baby's silken head, all day the sunbeams fall,
Till evening throws its shadows upon the cottage wall.

My petted lapdog, warm and soft,
Nestles upon my knee;
My birds have shut their diamond eyes,
That love to look for me;
Lonely, I watch my neighbor,
And watching can but weep,
To see her rock her darlings
Upon her breast asleep.

Alas! my doves are gentle, my dog comes at my call,
But there is no childish shadow upon my chamber wall.

My beauty is the talk of fools,
And by the gaslight's glare,
In glittering dress and gleaming gems,
I know that I am fair;
But there is something fairer,
Whose charm in loving lies,
And there is something dearer,
The light of happy eyes.

So I return triumphant, queen of the brilliant ball,
To envy the sweet shadow of the housewife on the wall.

My earthly lot is rich and high,
And hers is poor and low;
Yet I would give my heritage
Her deeper joys to know;
For husbands that are lovers
Are rare in all the lands,
And hearts grow fit for heaven,
Moulded by childish hands.

And while I go up lonely, before the Judge of all,
A cherub troop will usher the shadow on the wall.

With this number the *Galaxy* is enlarged so as to contain fully fifty per cent. more matter than heretofore. It is now the largest Magazine (with a single exception) in the country. The illustrations of the *Galaxy* will hereafter be under the personal charge of Mr. W. J. Linton, who stands at the head of Wood Engravers, not only in this country, but also in England.

"Beechdale," the serial story by Marion Harland, commenced in this number, will continue to be illustrated by Mr. Winslow Homer. It will run through five or six numbers of the Magazine.

The next (June) number of the *Galaxy* will contain an article by Mayne Reid, and stories by Henry James, Jr., Miss Crane (the author of "Emily Chester," "Opportunity," etc.,) and other popular writers. New York: Sheldon & Co.

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS. By Helen S. Conant. Cloth, 167 pp. Illustrated. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In offering the above beautiful volume to the public of youthful readers, the author modestly disclaims for her work the completeness of a scientific treatise, giving it merely as the result of a Sumner's rambling through the woods and valleys of New England.

Notwithstanding, we believe it to be very accurate as far as it goes, the descriptions having been carefully studied from nature, while the illustrations have been drawn and engraved with great (apparent) care and accuracy by Mr. Albert C. Russell of Boston from specimens in the author's collection. Appealing to something higher than mere amusement, we trust that it will awaken in boys and girls a greater interest in the study of a delightful branch of natural history, which the very pleasant style in which it is written induces us to believe. We bespeak for it a wide circle of readers.

RECEIVED.

FARMING FOR BOYS. By the "Author of Ten Acres Enough." Cloth, 286 pp. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS. By Helen S. Conant. Cloth, 167 pp. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

THE INNER MYSTERY. AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM. By Lizzie Doten. Boston: Adams & Co.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Harper's Weekly. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Every Saturday. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Harper's Bazar. An Illustrated Ladies Magazine of Fashions. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Oliver Optic's Magazine. Boston: Lee & Sheppard.

The Children's Friend, for May. Westchester Pa.: Lydia H. Hall.

The African Repository, for May. Washington: Colonization Society.

UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY.

THE Second Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held at Dodworths's Hall, New York, on Friday, May 15th, 1868, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., and continuing through several sessions.

THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION.

THE Second Anniversary of the American Equal Rights Association will be held in New York city on the 14th of May next, at the Cooper Institute, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., to continue through the day and evening. It is earnestly desired that all those who believe that human rights inhere in human beings and are not dependant on any accident of sex or color, will be present to aid in establishing this essential element of justice.

Our statesmen are now attempting to reconstruct this government under the mistaken idea that the troubles of a government based on "the consent of the governed," can be healed, while more than half the people are shut out from all possibility of giving consent. They attempt to perpetuate an aristocracy of sex, unjust, tyrannical, and odious, of which the world must be rid before there can ever be a true Republic, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

To aid in establishing such a Republic, let the friends of equal human rights come to our anniversary, with fresh baptisms of faith in the sure triumph of these principles, with new pledges to use every just and honorable means to forward this cause.

The Convention will be addressed by Col. T. W. HIGGINSON, Rev. OLYMPIA BROWN, ERNESTINE L. ROSE, S. S. FOSTER, ROBERT PURVIS, H. B. BLACKWELL, WM. P. TOMLINSON, LUCY STONE and others.

The Hutchinsons will be present and aid by their songs, as only they can.

In behalf of the Committee of arrangements.

LUCY STONE.

SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSAL PEACE SOCIETY AT DODWORTH'S HALL, NEW YORK, Friday, May 15th, 1868, commencing at 10 a. m., and continuing through several sessions.

That we may have peace among ourselves, in our homes, in the community and between all nations of the globe, this Radical Peace Movement sends forth a cordial and universal invitation to its coming Convention.

As there was peace in the beginning—as the prayers and preaching of the people are for it—as governments are established to secure it—as Christendom professes it and armies fight for it, and yet, "there is no peace," it must be that there are obstacles to be removed, and practical righteousness to be adopted, that these prayers and professions shall be worth something.

There is a common hatred of injustice, oppression, slavery, robbery, piracy, torture and murder—and yet these are all legalized under the name of war. Human life and natural rights are consecrated by declarations and consciences, but are desecrated by constitutions and customs. Too long have we been under the reign of terror—let us now try that of love. We appeal to the common sense of the people. Dare to be what you approve. Be loyal unto God, and humane and just unto man; suffer, rather than cause suffering; die, rather than kill.

Let disarmament and arbitration extend throughout the world, and national and international councils be formed for the settlement of difficulties without any final resort to the sword power.

The Peace Movements of Europe and elsewhere have our sincere co-operation, and representatives and letters therefrom will be presented to these meetings. Contributions and communications are solicited to promote this important work. They may be sent to the Treasurer, Robert F. Wallcut, Boston, or to any of the officers.

ALFRED H. LOVE, President.

M. S. T. HOADLEY, LAURA BLIVIN, } Secretaries.

Special Notices.

PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY.

THE undersigned respectfully announces that he has established a PUBLISHING AND BOOK FURNISHING AGENCY, and is prepared to execute all orders that may be intrusted to him, with care and promptness. Authors desiring a publisher or wishing their works superintended while in press, will do well to confer with him, as his experience in the business and established connections, afford peculiar facilities for the furtherance of their interests. Works of all established authors furnished at the shortest notice and at the lowest rates. Office 39 Nassau street, Room 43.

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WILLIAM P. TOMLINSON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, hitherto the carrier of our paper in this city, will act as our Agent, and receive subscrptions and advertisements on account of THE STANDARD.

NOTICE TO CITY SUBSCIBERS.

THE STANDARD will hereafter be delivered to our subcribers in this city by the carriers of the Post office Department. Should any irregularity occur in its delivery from imperfect addresses, or from any other cause, we hope to be promptly advised. To provide for the necessary prepayment of postage the subscription price will, from this date, be three dollars and fifty cents a year to subcribers within the city limits.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE on Fifth street is closed. Persons who have business with the State Society, who wish to pay their subscription for THE STANDARD, or who wish to subcribe for the paper, will please call on the undersigned, who has consented to act as General Agent for a time. E. M. DAVIS,
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THE STANDARD IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE STANDARD may now be obtained regularly each week in New Orleans of A. SIMON, Esq., No. 85 Barome street.

MR. RICHARD MASON, of Baltimore, Md., will hereafter act as Agent for THE STANDARD in that city. His address is No. 27 West Fayette street.

Advertisements.

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THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.
VOL. XXIX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
AARON M. POWELL, EDITOR.

THE STANDARD advocates entire freedom and immediate enfranchisement for the colored race, as the demand of justice. Chattelism has been abolished, but equal freedom for the colored race has not yet been secured.

Eminent writers contribute weekly to its columns, and the Editor is permitted to announce

WENDELL PHILLIPS

as a Special Editorial Contributor. Full reports will also be published of the Addresses of MR. PHILLIPS, revised and corrected by himself.

THE STANDARD, though chiefly devoted to the consideration of the Freedom and well-being of the colored race, will, as hitherto, hospitably entertain the claims of movements of a kindred end and aim, as the Rights of Women, Temperance, Education, etc. It will also present a department of choice Literary Miscellany. It is intended that, without forgetting its main object, THE STANDARD shall be carefully and thoroughly edited in all its other departments, and be welcomed by all classes of readers.

MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, in a letter accompanying a remittance for THE STANDARD, writes as follows:

WAYLAND, MASS., Feb. 1, 1868.

AARON M. POWELL—*Dear Sir*—Inclosed is $3 00, our yearly subscription for THE STANDARD. Money cannot pay for the privilege of having a paper that speaks the truth boldly, without fear or favor, alike unfettered by sect, and untrammeled by any political party. Such a paper was never more needed than at the present time, and I am thankful to see that so many friends rally to its support. Yours, cordially,

Miscellaneous Department.

MAN WRITES HIS LIFE FOR ETERNITY.

Had it been given me to write down my life
Or only its beginning, but two lines,
Upon a solid tablet of pure gold,
How had I paused! How pondered o'er the task!
But even now, as children on their slates
Write what is easily effaced, each man
Writes with light hand but ineffaceably
His life upon the heavy mass of days
That towers behind us, dark, immoveable,
An up-piled cloudy wall—of adamant,
Infrangible, more solid than mere gold;
He writes it, as a fate, on human hearts,
He writes it on his own with iron pen!
Then, writer! think, create, engrave with care!
The lullaby we sing the cradled child
Preludes a picture of his coming days!

—*From the German of Leopold Schefer.*

HAPPY WOMEN.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

One of the trials of womankind is the fear of being an old maid. To escape this dreadful doom, young girls rush into matrimony with a recklessness which astonishes the beholder; never pausing to remember that the loss of liberty, happiness and self-respect is poorly repaid by the barren honor of being called "Mrs." instead of "Miss."

Fortunately, this foolish prejudice is fast disappearing, conquered by the success of a certain class belonging to the sisterhood. This class is composed of superior women who, from various causes, remain single, and devote themselves to some earnest work; espousing philanthropy, art, literature, music, medicine, or whatever task taste, necessity, or chance suggests, and remaining faithful to and as happy in their choice as married women with husbands and homes. It being my good fortune to know several such, I venture to offer a little sketch of them to those of my young countrywomen who, from choice or necessity, stand alone, seeking to find the happiness which is the right of all.

Here is L., a rich man's daughter; pretty, accomplished, sensible and good. She tried fashionable life and found that it did not satisfy her. No lover was happy enough to make a response in her heart, and at twenty-three she looked about her for something to occupy and interest her. She was attracted toward the study of medicine; became absorbed in it; went alone to Paris and London; studied faithfully; received her diploma, and, having practiced successfully for a time, was appointed the resident physician for a city hospital. Here, doing a truly womanly work, she finds no time for ennui, unhappiness, or the vague longing for something to fill heart and life, which leads so many women to take refuge in frivolous or dangerous amusements and pursuits. She never talks of her mission or her rights, but beautifully fulfils the one and quietly assumes the others. Few criticise or condemn her course, and none question her success. Respected and beloved by all who know her, she finds genuine satisfaction in her work, and is the busiest, happiest, most useful woman whom I know.

Next comes M., a brilliant, talented girl, full of energy, ambition and noble aspirations. Poor yet attractive, through natural gifts and graces, to her came the great temptation of such a girl's life—a rich lover; an excellent young man, but her inferior in all respects. She felt this, and so did he, but hoping that love would make them equals, he urged his suit.

"If I loved him," she said, "my way would be plain, and I should not hesitate a minute. But I do not; I've tried, and I am sure I *never* can feel toward him as I should. It is a great temptation, for I long to cultivate my talent, to help my family, to see the world and enjoy life, and all this may be done if I say 'Yes.' People tell me that I am foolish to reject this good fortune; that it is my duty to accept it; that I shall get on very well without love, and talk as if it were a business transaction. It is hard to say 'No,' but I must, for in marriage I want to look up, not down. I cannot make it seem right to take this offer, and I must let it go, for I dare not sell my liberty."

She made her choice, turned away from the pleasant future laid before her, and took up her load again. With her one talent in her hand, she faced poverty, cheerfully teaching music year after year; hoping always, complaining never, and finding herself a stronger, happier woman for the act. A richer woman, also; for, though the husband was lost, a true friend was gained—since the lover, with respect added to his love, said manfully, "She is right; God bless her!"

S. is poor, plain, ungifted and ordinary in all things but one—a cheerful, helpful spirit, that loves its neighbor better than itself, and cannot rest till it has proved its sincerity. Few, so placed would have lived forty hard, dull years without becoming either sharp and sour, or bitter and blue. But S. is as sweet and sunny as a child; and, to those who know her, the personification of content. The only talent she possesses is that of loving every helpless, suffering, forlorn creature whom she meets. Finding her round of home duties too small for her benevolence, she became one of the home missionaries whose reports are never read, whose salaries are never paid on earth. Poverty-stricken homes, sick-beds, sinful souls and sorrowing hearts attract her as irresistibly as pleasure attracts other women, and she faithfully ministers to such, unknown and unrewarded.

"I never had a lover, and I never can have, you know. I'm *so* plain," she says, with a smile that is pathetic in its humility, its unconscious wistfulness.

She is mistaken here, for there are many to whom that plain face is beautiful, that helpful hand very dear. Her lovers are not of the romantic sort; but old women, little children, erring men, and forlorn girls give her an affection as endearing and sincere as any husband could have done. Few will know her worth here, but, in the long hereafter, I am sure S. will be blessed with eternal beauty, happiness and love.

A. is a woman of a strongly individual type, who in the course of an unusually varied experience has seen so much of what a wise man has called "the tragedy of modern married life," that she is afraid to try it. Knowing that for one of a peculiar nature like herself such an experiment would be doubly hazardous, she has obeyed instinct and become a chronic old maid. Filial and fraternal love must satisfy her, and grateful that such ties are possible, she lives for them and is contented. Literature is a fond and faithful spouse, and the little family that has sprung up around her, though perhaps unloving and uninteresting to others, is a profitable source of satisfaction to her maternal heart. After a somewhat tempestuous voyage, she is glad to find herself in a quiet haven whence she can look back upon her vanished youth, and feel that though the blossom time of life is past, a little fruit remains to ripen in the early autumn coming on. Not lonely, for parents, brothers and sisters, friends and babies keep her heart full and warm; not idle, for necessity, stern, yet kindly teacher, has taught her the worth of work; not unhappy, for love and labor, like good angels, walk at either hand, and the divine Friend fills the world with strength and beauty for the soul and eyes that have learned to feel and see it thankfully.

My sisters, don't be afraid of the words "old maid," for it is in your power to make this a term of honor, not reproach. It is not necessary to be a sour, spiteful spinster, with nothing to do but brew tea, talk scandal and tend a pocket handkerchief. No, the world is full of work, needing all the heads, hearts and hands we can bring to do it. Never was there so splendid an opportunity for women to enjoy their liberty and prove that they deserve it by using it wisely. If love comes as it should come, accept it in God's name and be worthy of his best blessing. If it never comes, then in God's name reject the shadow of it, for that can never satisfy a hungry heart. Do not be ashamed to own the truth—do not be daunted by the fear of ridicule and loneliness, nor saddened by the loss of a woman's tenderest ties. Be true to yourselves; cherish whatever talent you possess, and in using it faithfully for the good of others you will most assuredly find happiness for yourself, and make of life no failure, but a beautiful success.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

ENGLAND AND THE UMBRELLA.

There was a time when there had never been seen in any street of any city, town, or village of England that most necessary and inseparable appendage of the Englishman, an umbrella! Think of that realm of the Fog-king and the Rain-demon, unprovided with umbrellas! Imagine John Bull without an outspread umbrella thrust into the teeth of the pelting storm, or a folded one stuck defiantly under his arm in expectation of the storm to be! Yet, previous to the year 1712, our gracious cousin was unblessed with this alleviation of his climatic woes. It was during this pre-umbrella period that he acquired that proclivity to suicide, and that disposition to growl at all the world, which so strongly characterize the native born and bred Englishman. It is an interesting subject of speculation what might have been the result had this useful implement been introduced at an earlier stage of British history. We should pardon everything to a people whose youth was spent, unprotected, in an everlasting rainstorm; and we should cherish the pleasing hope that in the course of a few geological ages, the effect of the ameliorating institution may become distinctly perceptible.

Previous to the year 1712! That phrasing certainly implies that from that period the umbrella was a known, a recognized blessing in England. Pardon, gentle reader. That is by no means a strictly logical conclusion, nor is it sustained by facts. For though I will not take it upon me to say that there may not have been, so early as the date aforesaid, a solitary umbrella to be found here and there, in some royal or ducal mansion, used perchance by footman all lace and gold to protect the finery of queen or princess as she stepped from her chariot into the grand entrance on a stormy day of state—John Bull had not as yet, in any proper sense, come into the possession of his peculiar institution. For, as yet, no man had been found with the moral courage to carry an umbrella in the street. But in the year 1712 the coming man came. In that year was born Jonas Hanway, the first Englishman who dared to face the rain and public opinion by walking abroad with an umbrella over his head. That year, therefore, is the true umbrella epoch. It matters little how early or how late in life he performed the audacious act; but it is evident had he never been born, he would never have performed it at all. In the fact of his birth was wrapped up the future England, the England of umbrellas! What portents attended the great event, history does not inform us; but we cannot widely err in assuming that his eyes first opened in the dismal twilight of an English rain storm, which indeed would have been no portent in the case of any other English child save the predestined introducer of the umbrella.

Jonas in due time grew up and became a traveller. A mysterious impulse directed him to the native regions of the umbrella. For the Western races may not abrogate to themselves this supreme invention. It is the true flower of the Orient. It sprang to life in sunshine, not in rain. It is the little tent, the tentlet, and grew out of the same thought as spread the light curtained dwelling of the pastoral East. To the mandarins of China and the Eels of Persia, the luxurious shade of its little canopy was familiar ages before it was known in Europe. Its original purpose was protection from the too fervid light and heat of these sun-loved climes. But genius manifests itself not less in application than in invention; and it is the peculiar and crowning glory of Jonas Hanway that he converted the Oriental parasol into the Occidental parapluie. By that simple transfer, he became the benefactor of his country, and of the universal Anglo-Saxon race. That this might become possible, fate had infused into his nature that indefinable restlessness, that quenchless thirst for the new and strange, which stamps the individual as a natural and born traveller. For had Jonas remained contented in his native isle he might never have seen an umbrella, since his rank in life, though entirely respectable, was not among the high and mighty of the land, to whom alone this product of distant shores was then known. So, as has been said, he visited many Eastern lands, among others, Persia, and learned to know, and meditate on the umbrella. Whether the new idea dawned upon his mind while yet abroad, it is impossible to say; but at any rate he must have become accustomed to the sight of it as a familiar object in the streets of Ispahan, a most important step in that triumph over the prejudices of education, which finally enabled him to enter on his mission of installing, singly and alone, so great an innovation of established customs. For we may be sure, that when he first walked forth in the streets of Portsmouth or London, we know not which, with this outlandish and ridiculous contrivance over his head, there were not wanting any of those immemorial usages through which an English mob is wont to express the contempt and displeasure of the popular British heart. Hootings, jests, curses, peltings with mud, with eggs not savory, with sticks and stones, were as plentiful as on any worthy occasion of former or later days; and if Jonas, after his martyr-promenade, arrived at his own door, himself and his precious umbrella whole in ribs, he came off easier than any reformer has a right to expect. Why, when he flouted that foreign absurdity in the face of Britons, was it not as much as to say that he knew a little something more than other folks? Was it not casting contempt on their common ancestors? Was it not an invasion of the glorious British right of being daily and hourly soaked to the skin? Nay, wasn't it a wicked defiance of Providence—for what was rain sent for except to wet? Poor Jonas! There was no man in the whole realm better abused than he that day.

But he walked forth with his umbrella again, and yet again; and it was not long before his umbrella seemed to have multiplied itself, for other men were carrying just the same thing; and we may be sure that when by chance they met, they exchanged a smile and nod, like people doing something strange in which they would keep each other in countenance. But as months passed on, they ceased to do so, for umbrellas were a familiar sight, and every man who could bought one for his own use. Shops of foreign merchants were ransacked for them; Jews imported them second-hand, by ways and means they knew of, and sold them at high prices; by-and-by, a manufactory of them was established on British soil, and the growing demand gave birth to a new and profitable branch of industry for British artisans. And now, in that misty island, where a hundred years ago an umbrella had never been seen, the land is covered with its myriad little tents, thick enough, almost, were they joined in one, to spread a canopy over its entire surface; and you can sooner think of John Bull as amiable than as destitute of an umbrella.

Jonas Hanway was a somewhat successful merchant, an acceptable writer of foreign travels, and a liberal-hearted philanthropist. He gave away nearly his whole moderate fortune in deeds of charity. But the unintentional philanthropy of being the first man to carry an umbrella in England is his true claim to the gratitude of mankind, and especially to his countrymen. To what man do they owe more! They should erect to his memory a monument in the form of a vast umbrella, under whose shelter the people could take their pleasure on rainy days. It is matter of regret that the suggestion did not occur while the plans for the great Industrial Palace were yet before the judges. But it is not too late for something worthy to be done; and it would be well for our cousins to be improving for this purpose the interval likely to occur before they are called on to settle "the American difficulty." When they have our affairs in charge, it is to be feared their hands will be too full to take proper care of their own.—*Examiner.*

SILK FARMS AND VILLAGES.

HOW SILK IS MADE IN LOMBARDY.

A writer in the London *Star*, discoursing of the "romance of a silk dress," describes a visit to the silk factories of Lombardy.

The Lombards are considered the most industrious people in Italy, and they appear to like work for its own sake, as some people like dancing. They are the Yorkshiremen of Italy. They have little or nothing to do with the *dolce far niente* of the Tuscans, and they know what it is to have a winter once a year, an advantage to which the Neapolitans are not accustomed. The Lombards have no *lazzaroni*. Their vagabonds are all organ-grinders, and they have the good sense to send them out of the country as soon as possible.

Foremost among the workers of Lombardy are the silkworms, golden-colored caterpillars, imported from Japan in the shell and hatched in Lombardy. The valleys abound in mulberry trees, called "gelsi," which secure a rich and abundant silk-harvest in the spring of the year; and almost all the landed proprietors, including the inhabitants of the small towns and villages, are connected in some way or other with the rearing of silkworms, the eggs by charcoal fires or otherwise, and feeding the wonderful little insect on the much-loved mulberry leaf.

In one of the workrooms which we visited, says the writer, we saw hundreds of realms of caterpillar's eggs, all waiting to be hatched. These eggs are about the size and shape of pins' heads, and are imported into Italy on cartoons (to which they are gummed), and sold at so much a quire like note-paper; the heat of gas, or a wood fire, or the rays of the sun, being sufficient to rouse the dormant life. My companion informed me that in some towns the silkworms were already busy with the mulberry leaves, and that in others the spinning was already over—the webs being in the hands of the factory-girls. This was good news, for it gave me the prospect of a bird's-eye view of these interesting labors, from the first to the last stage.

A "SILK-FIELD."

"The first "silk-field" which we visited was a farm-house. The farmer had invested in "eggs," and his wife and daughters were busily engaged feeding some of the tiny insects which had just emerged from the shell. For this purpose they had collected great basketsful of mulberry leaves, the twigs and soiled pulps of which were cut away so as not to offend the dainty palates of the future silk-spinners. At some of the tables we saw silkworms of a larger growth, some full-grown or nearly so, about two inches long, yellow or cream color, with two brown spots above the head, like painted eyes or a mask, their real eyes and real heads being much smaller and occupying one extremity of their body, as the tail occupied the other, head and tail being much alike. These able-bodied climbers, twisting in and out of labyrinths of leaves—crawling over juicy stalks, and letting themselves down from heights of verdure—were already hard at work filling their wonderful insides with the materials for a wholesale manufacture of silk goods, a fancy fair of luxury and wealth in an embryo state of maggot and vegetation—it being the opinion of some authorities that the silkworm can do nothing without the mulberry leaf, and of others that the mulberry leaf is simply to be regarded as an article of food, and not in itself conducive to the production of silk.

CARTOONS OF EGGS.

Some of the cards being still "unhatched," I asked the price of one of them, and expressed my surprise that eggs laid in one country can be so admirably developed in another, and that too after a long and troublesome sea voyage, and in a strange climate. This proves, I think, that free trade is a natural if not a divine law. I was informed that a piece of "seed-paper" or (as it is sometimes called) an "egg-letter," six inches long by four wide, costs from five to five-and-twenty francs, according to quality.

"But what has quality to do with it?" I inquired.

My informant stated that a cartoon of Japanese eggs costs five times as much as a Lombard one.

"But how is this?" I inquired; "I thought all the eggs were Japanese? The 'silk-butterfly' is not indigenous to Europe."

"That is true," was the rejoinder. "But some eggs are laid in this country. Those laid abroad are called eggs of the first generation, and are the most expensive, while those laid in Lombardy have less value. Eggs of the third generation (that is to say, eggs which have been laid in Italy by Lombard 'hens,' themselves laid in these valleys), are considered imbecile, and not worth their keep. They grow up to be flabby and indolent, and make 'fluff' instead of silk, raising hopes which are never realized, and eating up the best provisions to the detriment of their companions."

The farmer's wife directed our attention to some newly-hatched caterpillars, which she said had been very troublesome, and had given her a great deal of anxiety. They were black, and about half the size of needles (sewing-needles), curled up and thin, and pointy at both ends. She informed us that they required as much looking after as a baby, and had to be coaxed to eat, some of them dying out of sheer inability to find their way to their day's food.

I asked to see some of last year's silk, unworked—that is to say, fresh from the caterpillar. The good lady hunted up a specimen of her best goods and displayed it with a certain look of pride. It was long and soft like golden hair, and was fastened at one end with a piece of blue ribbon. It was exactly as if some beautiful girl had entered a convent and had left her hair as a legacy to her mother after breaking her heart. The good lady informed us that it was worth two shillings an ounce.

THE OPERATIVES.

After we had visited the mulberry trees and seen the children at work upon them, laughing and shouting and stripping them of their leaves as ruthlessly as a winter storm might have done—the other trees remaining in full leaf—we left the farm and the farm people, and continued our way down the valley at the rate of seven miles an hour—pony-speed—our driver being in a good humor. At sunset we reached a small town famous for its silk and (later in the year) for its wine, and, dismounting at the principal inn where my companion had another appointment, sent away our *tagherino* (chaise-driver).

Next morning we took a stroll through the town and visited some of the principal inhabitants. Every one was "silky" to a degree. Their households were in a state of abnormal excitement and confusion owing to the frenzy with which their wives and daughters were devoting themselves to silk. No one talked about anything but silk from morning to night, and I am convinced that if some one had dreamed, his dreams would have been about silk. Some stated that the silk-harvest would be good, others that it would be bad, and others, again, that, good or bad, it was the only thing worth living for and striving for, and that silk—soft, sound, salable silk—was the end and only object of man's (and woman's) existence here below.

Our last visit was at a village in the south of Lombardy, where the harvest was much more advanced. One of the rooms which we visited was a barn, in which hundreds of thousands of *gallette* (chrysalides) were collected. They were as large as wren's eggs, their surface being hard like cardboard, but fluffy and porous, and their color a reflection of the silk inside. Most of those I saw were a pretty golden color, like sunbeams, and I was informed that the quality was first-class. My companion told me that the little prisoners (clapped into prison by their own industry), had to be kept perfectly still, and that if touched they died or gave up working—just as some authors cannot write if there is an organ-grinder in the next street. Wonderful little workers!

REST.

The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina.

I lay me down to sleep
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks for rest,
Unquestioned, upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

LITERARY MINISTERS.

Addison, of course, is the awful example always trotted out before the eyes of aspiring *literateurs* to show the ignominious failure which awaits them in the field of politics. But this is hardly just. Addison sat in Parliament for ten years, from 1708 to 1718, and during that time he filled the post of Under Secretary of State, Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State for England. His failure as an orator is only what we should have expected from one who told us that though he could draw for a thousand pounds, he had not a guinea in his pocket. But failure as an orator was not in those days failure, of necessity, as a statesman. And Addison was made Secretary of State, and something very like leader of the House of Commons, long after his infirmity was well known, and had been proved to be incurable. This hardly looks as if his career had been considered to be a failure; and it is probably rather from his resignation of this great office after only a year's occupation of it, than from his obscurity in other and minor political situations, that the popular idea has been derived.

The career of Burke is indeed a striking contrast to that of Addison. Addison, who was not only not an orator, but was unequal to the most ordinary exigencies of debate, rose in ten years' time to the highest offices of State. Burke, who was a master of eloquence, during a career of more than thirty years, became only Paymaster of the Forces. Burke's ill-treatment by the Whigs is one of the stock topics of political history, and no doubt he *was* ill-treated by them.

Had either Burke or Sheridan lived in the reign of Queen Anne, they would have borne off more than all the political honors which posterity has adjudged to have been due to them. But in the reign of George III., Government had become once more independent of literature. As long as any of the Augustan generation survived, the tradition of its power survived also. But the thirty years which intervened between the cessation of the "Craftsman" and the appearance of Junius were fatal to the influence of journalism; and when the old system did come to life again in the famous Letters, its victims, however they might wince, were never seriously hurt, as Marlborough was hurt, by the "Conduct of the Allies," or Walpole by the "Dissertation on Parties." So that in the days of Sheridan the reasons for promoting men of purely literary abilities, which had once been so powerful, prevailed no longer; and Sheridan, who never displayed any talents for statesmanship, and whose oratory was not even of the first class, had little reason to complain that he was never made a Cabinet Minister. His friends had ample opportunities of providing for him in other ways, but it would have been a farce to place him in the Cabinet. Sheridan entered Parliament in 1780, one year after the publication of "The Critic," and three years afterwards the Whigs made him an Under Secretary.

It is questionable whether Mr. Canning ought to be classed among our "literary Ministers." Literature had been at no time his profession, and he had not half the claims to be considered a literary man that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Derby have. But still in talking of literary Ministers few people would think of either of these two, though all minds would at once recur to Canning. We suppose the only explanation of this will be that Mr. Canning consorted more with the regular literary profession. He liked the society of journalists, actors and artists. He himself was a great rhetorical artist. He had more of the literary *ethos* in his composition than Mr. Gladstone, though, perhaps, not more than Lord Derby. And hence society, disregarding the fact that Mr. Gladstone has written thirty times as much as Mr. Canning, still, with perhaps a true instinct, ranks the latter among our literary Ministers, and not the former. If we compare the eminence to which Canning rose with the level from which he started, his career would seem a great success. If we compare what he actually did with what he had the chance of doing, it must be pronounced in some respects a failure.

There is one statesman in our annals in whom we see a remarkable instance of the literary and political faculties strengthening and illustrating each other, and that is Sir George Cornewall Lewis. In him no doubt the literary predominated over the political element; but one, nevertheless, who discharged with credit such duties as those of Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary with such men as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli to criticise him, is entitled to a high rank in politics. He was looked forward to by many people as a future Prime Minister; and his powerful mind, cool judgment, and remarkable freedom from prejudice, would probably have secured him success. In Sir G. C. Lewis, however, we see the literary faculty under a different aspect; he was neither imaginative, metaphysical nor satirical. History was his favorite study; and his literature accordingly was rather what may be called "applied" literature than pure. It is probable that this distinction by itself is sufficient to account for the exceptional success which he enjoyed, so different from the kind of success which has been gained by other literary politicians.

Coming down to living men, two names are yet before us, on one of whom it is not too soon to pass judgment, and that is Lord Lytton. He, too, though he has been once a Cabinet Minister, will be known to posterity as a great literary member of Parliament rather than a literary Minister. Had his voice and manner been equal to his powers of composition, he would have been a great orator, for the style of his speeches is very superior to the style of his novels. But Sir Bulwer Lytton could never have succeeded, we should fancy, in public business. In him we see the literary nature in its purity, not adapted for practical labor by any alloy. He has not in him even the little dash of the politician that Addison had. The political philosophy of Burke, the oratorical powers of Sheridan and Canning, the wide historical inductions of Sir Cornwall Lewis, are quite foreign to his character. He has done in Parliament all that he could have expected to do. He has shown himself a proficient in eloquence, though no orator, and capable of illustrating and adorning great debates, though no statesman.

Of the last great name upon our list it is too soon to predict as yet either failure or success. No English Minister corresponds so closely with our idea of a literary Minister as the author of "Coningsby" at the head of her Majesty's government. Canning was Prime Minister, but he did not rise out of literature. Addison, and Burke, and Lewis, rose out of literature, but they were not Prime Ministers. Mr. Disraeli has risen higher in politics than anybody else whose literary reputation was as high—and his literary reputation twenty years ago was very high indeed. He, therefore, is almost a perfect specimen of the genus now under consideration. His literary faculty, moreover, is akin rather to Burke's and Canning's than to Addison's or Cornwall Lewis's. It is imaginative and satirical; the one quality leading him into theories above the general comprehension, the other suggesting personalities which are only too easily comprehended and too long remembered. If, in spite of these dangerous gifts, he retains his high position long, he will certainly have done one great thing—he will have dispelled the prejudice which we spoke of at the outset of our article, and have forced men to acknowledge that there is no necessary incompatibility between literature and statesmanship.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

SOME NEW ANECDOTES OF WORDSWORTH.

First, let me give you some idea of this venerable and good man, who in many things resembled Milton. There was the same austerity of life; the same rigid morality, honesty, and independence; and, despite his great genius, the same narrow-mindedness. In height he was tall, being over six feet, and gaunt and straggling in his person. His clothes were always too large for him, and seemed as though he had thrown them on loosely. His forehead was not high, his nose was large and slightly aquiline, and his lip and chin were drooping. He had straggling whiskers, which was all the hair he wore on his face. His eyes were deep set and abstracted, and of a brownish gray. Leigh Hunt said they always reminded him of the prophet Jeremiah's, being generally fixed in dreamy musing, as though he was looking within himself, rather than out at the world. His voice was deep, and sounded as though it came from the chest; this was eminently characteristic of the man's nature, which was most emphatic and earnest. Indeed, he seemed as though he was always talking under oath, and giving evidence in a court of law, rather than joining in a conversation. He was entirely destitute of humor, and could not understand a joke, unless it was logically put, and then proved. If anybody wished him to appreciate one, he would have to put it into a mathematical shape. In fact, he saw no more fun in Joe Miller than he did in Euclid. In telling the commonest occurrence, he would be painfully precise as to whether it happened on a Monday or a Tuesday, and thus he often destroyed the *spirit* in preserving the *letter*. Coleridge once told him to his face that he loved fact better than truth; and Wordsworth told me, very gravely, when speaking of Coleridge, that he could see no difference between them. Let us, while we are at this point, relate a short anecdote, which will give a better idea of Wordsworth's want of sympathy with humor than a labored disquisition.

He was dining, in 1840, at the table of that fine specimen of a Christian jurist, Thomas Noon Talfourd, equally distinguished as a lawyer and a dramatist, when one of the company, Robert Browning, the poet, made an allusion to Moore's wit. Wordsworth, who was very chatty when in the society of those he liked, said, "Well, I don't think that I am a witty man by any means. Indeed, I do not think that I was ever witty but once in the whole of my life!" Of course there was a great desire to hear this solitary witticism. Thus importuned, the old bard said, "Well—well. I'll tell you. I was standing, one evening, at my gate at Rydal Mount, when a man came up, and said, 'Sir, did you see my wife pass by?' Whereupon I replied, 'My good sir, I did not know till this minute that you had a wife.'" Here he paused. We all saw that he had told all he had to say, and the whole company laughed heartily at this specimen of Wordsworth's wit. The dear old gentleman always took the merriment this story provoked as a genuine tribute to his facetiousness.

Among his prejudices was a rooted aversion to actors and actresses. On one occasion I was with him at a party where Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, was present. The hostess asked me to introduce her to the poet. Knowing his peculiarity in this respect, I went to Wordsworth and asked permission to introduce the distinguished *tragedienne* to him. He tried to avoid it, saying, "My Dear friend, I would rather not. Why, I never spoke to an actress in the whole course of my life, and I don't think Mrs. Wordsworth would like it." Finally, overcoming his almost religious scruples, I made the two acquainted; and he was so much pleased with her that they remained in pleasant conversation the rest of the evening. Let me mention another proof of his intense simplicity. Some years afterwards, Mr. Macready, also well known to the American public as the hero, to use a sensational commonplace, of the Astor Place riot, on his way to Edinburgh, paid Wordsworth a flying visit at his Westmoreland homestead. I question if there ever lived a more arrogant, overbearing and conceited man on or off the stage, than William Charles Macready. When the old poet visited London, some months after, he told me that he was very much pleased with Mr. Macready: "I found him an humble-minded man, with a very modest opinion of himself; he is a bad actor, and he knows it. Indeed," said Wordsworth, "he as good as confessed that to me."

Dear old simple-minded philosopher! To mistake the supercilious pretence of self-negation which the great actor assumes when he receives a compliment, for humility and modesty!

I will mention another of his personal traits, which shows how a slavish reverence for rank permeates throughout all classes in England. If Wordsworth received on Monday an invitation to dine with a baronet, and accepted it, he would consider himself perfectly absolved from keeping the engagement, if he received on Tuesday another invitation from a baron, which would be over-slaughed if on Wednesday he was invited by an earl, who in turn would have to give way to a marquis, who would in his turn be put *hors de combat* by a duke. What made the whole thing more ridiculous, was Wordsworth's inability to understand that he had been guilty of any rudeness, or that the slighted party had any ground of complaint.

One more anecdote, and we will sketch the other members of his family.

One morning he called, and asked me to accompany him to an adjoining street, where he was told a cheap tailor lived. The address he had received from his friend was so precise that we found it without trouble. In we walked.

"Is this Mr. Jones's?" asked the poet.

A man coming forward said, "Yes, sir."

"Are you Mr. Jones, the tailor?"

"No, sir."

"Then I want to see Mr. Jones himself."

Jones was up stairs, but he was summoned. Wordsworth, having made certain that he had now got hold of the veritable Jones, then very solemnly informed him that he was a friend of Lord Monteagle, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that he was on a visit to him, and that Lord Monteagle's butler, who was a very reliable and decent man, had recommended him to Mr. Jones as being a very reliable tailor who sold cheap for cash. Jones bowed deferentially.

"I now want you, Mr. Jones," continued the poet, "to measure me for two suits of clothes; one for Sunday, and the other for walking about in the country. I ought to have told you, Mr. Jones, that I live at Rydal Mount, near Ambleside, Westmoreland, and that I am a great wanderer about the fields and hills there."

Jones bowed, and was about to measure him when Wordsworth said:

"Stop a bit; let me show you how I walk in the country. You will then see that I want the clothes made very loose, and the stitches made very strong, so that I may throw my arms about in this fashion, without splitting the garments."

Saying this, Wordsworth commenced to walk up and down the shop, taking long strides, and flinging his arms about as though he was a windmill in a gale of wind. By this time the people employed there seemed much amused at the scene. When the old poet had sufficiently impressed upon the tailor the necessity of making his clothes very strong, in order to resist his gyration, he walked up to the somewhat obfuscated Jones, and said, with great earnestness, "You have seen how I walk; now measure me."

Jones measured him, and we departed, Wordsworth telling the tailor to send on to me if he wanted anything further. Next morning the tailor called on me; and, after a little humming and hawing, inquired, with much mystery, and in a subdued tone of voice, if he was really to make the clothes ordered by the old gentleman.

"Certainly. Why do you ask?" was my rejoinder.

"Because, sir," said Jones, deferentially, "I thought he was a little crazy, and that you only had him measured to humor him."

I then informed the sceptical Jones that the gentleman in question was a very distinguished man, being no other than Mr. William Wordsworth, the great poet.

I am sorry to add, for the reputation of all tailors, that Jones was no wiser than he was before, never having heard of the author of "Peter Bell" till that minute. Upon my assurance, however, that the old gentleman was no more mad than either Jones or myself, he made the clothes, and sent them home to the care of Lord Monteagle's butler, with whom Wordsworth had left the money to pay him.—*Our Boys and Girls.*

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